

TRIPLE NINE

by
Matt Cook

Original Script

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Matt Cook - Hazard Pay Productions
620 Santa Monica Blvd, #203, Santa Monica CA, 90401
931-624-6304
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FADE IN:

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

Chris Allen (mid-late 20s) lies in bed sound asleep, lost somewhere in a dream. He lies perfectly still except for his hand resting next to his head on the pillow; the index finger jerking, as if it were pulling a trigger.

Chris's beautiful wife, MICHELLE ALLEN (white, mid-late 20s) lies next to him, tenderly watching him sleep. After a moment, she gently takes hold of his finger, gradually waking him with her touch.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, BASEMENT - SAME

Chris sweats through some push-ups, sit-ups, and other calisthenics.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - SAME

Chris wipes away the steam from the mirror and shaves his handsome face.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - SAME

Chris loads a large gym bag with all of his equipment: vest, jacket, etc. He inspects his standard issue 45mm Glock to ensure it's clear.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME

Michelle sits at the table feeding their two year old son TREVOR and their one year old daughter, TABITHA.

CHRIS ALLEN

I've gotta run, honey.

MICHELLE

You're gonna be great. Just be yourself.

CHRIS ALLEN

Oh God. Anything but that.

He laughs as she grabs him by the shirt, pulling him down to her lips.

MICHELLE

You're a fucking stud.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS ALLEN

And you've got a dirty mouth.

She smiles at the connotation and picks up an LAPD mug from the table and hands it to him.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

Love you.

MICHELLE

Love you too. Good luck.

Chris raises the mug to his lips as he leaves.

INT. UPS DELIVERY TRUCK - DAY

RUSSELL WELCH (white, 30s) lowers an LAPD mug from his lips and rests it into a cup holder next to the driver's seat. He wears a UPS uniform, a shaggy beard, unkempt hair, and drives the truck with care.

Laughter echoes from the back of the truck garnering Welch's attention. He checks his watch.

WELCH

Ten minutes.

MICHAEL LAIRD (white, 40s), GABRIEL MARTIN (white, mid-late 20s), TERRELL TOMPKINS (black, early-mid 30s), and JORGE RODRIGUEZ (Hispanic, early-mid 30s) sit in the back of the truck. LAPD badges swing on chains around the necks of Tompkins and Rodriguez.

The walls of the truck are lined with LAPD surveillance gear including monitors, radios, cameras, laptops, and other gadgetry. Voices sounding off police dispatches and situation reports flow through the speakers.

In a small cage in the corner of the truck sit AK-47 assault rifles and short-barreled PGS-12 shotguns.

GABRIEL

Let's hear it. We got time.

Gabriel glances at Michael who nods his approval.

TOMPKINS

So, about two years ago when Rodriguez and I were still U.C., we'd been running surveillance on this tranny, tweak dealer hiding out in a duplex in Long Beach.

Rodriguez recognizes the story, laughs, and turns red.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODRIGUEZ

What was his name?

GABRIEL

You mean HER name?

RODRIGUEZ

Whichever motherfucker.

TOMPKINS

She called herself The Duchess.

GABRIEL

Was she attractive? Because some of them are really good looking.

They all stare at Gabriel to see if he's seriously asking before they break into laughter.

RODRIGUEZ

You white boys love that he-she love, don't you?

TOMPKINS

Four days go by and there's no sign of The Duchess and no one's stopped over to buy any gear or move any product. She hasn't come out of the duplex for a thing.

RODRIGUEZ

And the windows are boarded so we can't look in.

TOMPKINS

So we start thinking she's OD'd or slit her wrist and get a search warrant to raid the place. I'm first through the door and the smell hits me like a freight train.

GABRIEL

Was she dead?

TOMPKINS

She'd been cooking up meth and there's about a hundred car deodorizers hanging from everything and the air's so thick we can hardly breathe.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

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TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

I call out 'LAPD' and The Duchess comes flying out of her room naked as the day she was born with the biggest hard-on you've ever seen, and her body, it's fucking glowing. She comes speeding down the hallway and I dodge her and she runs right into Rod.

RODRIGUEZ

The second I touch her I realize she's covered head to toe with lube. She's squirming like crazy trying to get away and is just beating the holy hell out of me.

WELCH (O.S.)

Seven minutes out.

Michael drags a duffel bag full of clothing and unmarked raid vests into the middle and passes out the gear.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm getting KY all over me and her circus show meat faucet keeps stabbing me in the legs. It was fucking disgusting. Finally, I just stick my ass out and hug her until back-up manages to slide some cuffs on.

TOMPKINS

After we finally clear the house we come to find she's gone through an entire bottle of Viagra and has this whole online chat set up, camera, screen, and all. And there's a little mustached Mexican faggot on the computer screen, crying at us to 'bring The Duchess back'!

GABRIEL

(to Rodriguez)

It was your brother wasn't it?

RODRIGUEZ

Do I look Mexican, you dumb Mick?

TOMPKINS

We don't get paid enough to deal with that kind of shit.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICHAEL

Maybe you should find a new line of work.

GABRIEL

What happened to The Duchess?

RODRIGUEZ

Judge gave her twenty years at San Quentin. General pop is death row for someone like her.

TOMPKINS

She got shanked a week after she arrived. We sent her straight to hell.

MICHAEL

She's probably happier there.

WELCH (O.S.)

We're three out.

EXT. SUN VALLEY, LOS ANGELES, STREET - SAME

The truck exits Interstate 5 and eases into the sparse neighborhood traffic.

INT. UPS DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

Michael, Gabriel, Tompkins, and Rodriguez throw on black sweaters, operator gloves, and gear up with the raid vests and tinted glasses. Tompkins and Rodriguez tuck their badges under their sweaters.

The light mood has been replaced by determined purpose.

Michael straps a Nextel radio to his vest and adjusts a small ear-piece. He conducts a quick radio check with Welch and they all slide on black balaclavas. They are covered head to toe with no visible sign of skin.

EXT. SUN VALLEY, LOS ANGELES, STREET - SAME

The truck turns down a street and stops at a red light.

INT. UPS DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

Michael kneels into the driver's compartment. Welch hands him a D-ring with several keys attached.

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CONTINUED:

WELCH

One minute.

Michael steps back into the surveillance compartment. Rodriguez passes out weapons, ammo, and flash-bang grenades.

MICHAEL

Thirty seconds.

Michael secures the flash-bangs to his vest and throws a large backpack over his shoulders.

EXT. SUN VALLEY, LOS ANGELES, STREET - SAME

The truck cruises through two more lights and stops directly in front of a large, one story building. Michael, Gabriel, Tompkins, and Rodriguez step through the driver's compartment and exit the truck single file. Welch pulls the truck away as quickly as it stopped.

INT. BUILDING - SAME

Note - Unless specified otherwise, all dialogue spoken in the scene by Michael, Gabriel, Tompkins, and Rodriguez will be in Spanish.*

Michael, Gabriel, Tompkins, and Rodriguez approach the glass doors as the truck drives away.

A large sign inside the building reads SUN STATE BANK AND TRUST. The bank is large and open, with small cubicles running the length of a wall opposite the teller station. Between them sit a dozen desks and plush leather couches. The tellers work at their station encased behind a tall, reinforced glass wall with a heavy metal door.

The bank is occupied by eight to ten EMPLOYEES working in various locations, three or four CUSTOMERS, and one SECURITY GUARD just inside the lobby, chatting with the bank manager, WALTER SIMS.

The group enters the building and Michael immediately takes down the security guard with a series of violent blows, removing his pistol, mace, and radio. Gabriel opens Michael's backpack, removes a pair of cuffs, and arranges them over the guard's wrists.

Screams from the employees and customers slowly build as Tompkins and Rodriguez move methodically through the bank. Tompkins herds everyone from the lobby and cubicles towards the tellers' desk. Rodriguez orders the thick metal door locking the tellers inside to be opened.

INT. UPS DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

**Welch will speak in English to Michael via Nextel.*

Welch backs the truck into an alley two blocks up the street just enough to maintain direct line of sight on the bank. He reaches next to his seat and pulls from a laptop bag a Mobile Data Terminal(MDT). He flips it open and the screen lights up with a map of Los Angeles and flashing icons, indicating locations of patrolling units.

He is calm and mechanical and listens attentively to the speakers. The chatter is interrupted by a long beep, then a voice.

RADIO (O.S.)

Is there a unit available for a
211 Adam at the Sun Trust Bank on
Sheldon and Glenoaks?

WELCH

Silent alarm's been triggered and
the call is in. You're clear of
stragglers.

INT. SUN STATE BANK AND TRUST - SAME

Tompkins and Rodriguez move the employees and customers behind the teller's desk in order to consolidate them.

TOMPKINS

Hands up! Hands up!

RODRIGUEZ

Move it! Hurry up!

Michael jumps from the security guard, towards Sims.

MICHAEL

(to the crew)

Alarm's been triggered. We're
clear outside.

Michael grabs Sims and pushes him violently up against the wall by his neck. Gabriel retrieves a wire bike lock from Michael's back-pack and throws it to Rodriguez.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

(quietly in English)

Walter Sims. Branch Manager.
Your wife is Catherine Sims and
you have two boys, Chris and
Andrew, ages eleven and eight.
You live in Pasadena at 1210
Richcreek Road. I know everything
about you. I have no intention of
hurting you or your family.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

But if you fail to cooperate, I
will burn you and your family
alive. Do not think. Do not
hesitate. Do you understand me?

SIMS

Yes...Yes I do.

INT. UPS DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

Welch looks around to ensure that no one is watching him.

RADIO (O.S.)

512 Gulf and back up to Charlie 3.

He quickly turns the radio station to C3 and locates the
512 Gulf icon on the MDT. He touches it and a picture of
the officer appears.

WELCH

Response is in. Details to
follow.

INT. SUN STATE BANK AND TRUST - SAME

Tompkins jumps atop the tellers' station to control the
hostages cramped behind the desk. Rodriguez wraps the
wire lock around the handle on the teller door and
support beam on the desk, locking them behind the glass.

Michael escorts Sims towards the vault.

MICHAEL

Response call is in.

Sims opens the vault with his manager's key and he,
Gabriel, and Michael move inside.

INT. UPS DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

Welch attentively watches a pedestrian walk by the bank.

RADIO (O.S.)

512 Gulf and 511 Gulf are on for
the 211 Adam. Units responding to
Sheldon and Glenoak. It's a
silent hold-up at Sun Trust Bank.
Copy you are three minutes out.

Welch maps the route of the responding units on the MDT
as their icons speed over the screen.

(CONTINUED)

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WELCH

Responding units are in route.
ETA two and half minutes.

INT. SUN STATE BANK AND TRUST - SAME

Michael kicks the feet out from under Sims and drags him to the wall of the vault. He grabs his keys and motions for him to stay put.

MICHAEL

(to Gabriel)

Responding unit is in route. Two minutes.

Gabriel pulls a large, folded bag from Michael's backpack. He moves quickly, stuffing all the loose cash around the vault into it.

Michael finds a key from the manager's ring and an identical key from his own and walks towards a wall of safety deposit boxes. He finds box number 212 and uses the two keys to unlock it. He removes it from the wall and places it into his backpack.

He hands the backpack and the keys to Gabriel who exits the vault.

GABRIEL

(to Tompkins and
Rodriguez)

We're out in thirty seconds.

Gabriel continues through the lobby and out the doors.

INT. UPS DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

Welch watches Gabriel race through the doors towards a Ford Taurus parked just outside the bank. He returns his attention to the MDT.

RADIO (O.S.)

512 Gulf moving north on Sycamore.
One out.

WELCH

ETA one minute. Responding units coming from the south. Head north on Glenoak and then east on Ninth to the interstate.

INT. SUN STATE BANK AND TRUST - SAME

Sims shakes on the floor, staring back in utter fear.

MICHAEL
(to Welch)
Good. Get out of here, now.

Michael motions to Sims to close his eyes. He picks up the bag of cash and drops the manager's keys in front of Sims. He exits the vault, shutting it closed behind him.

He moves into the lobby, racing by the tellers' desk.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)
(to Tompkins and
Rodriguez)
We're done. Move out.

Michael hands off the bag to Rodriguez as Tompkins jumps from the tellers' desk and the two sprint towards the exit.

INT. UPS DELIVERY TRUCK - SAME

Welch watches Tompkins and Rodriguez exit the bank doors and sprint to the Taurus. He smiles and puts the truck in gear and drives down the street, out of sight.

INT. SUN STATE BANK AND TRUST - SAME

Michael pulls two flash-bang grenades from his vest. The cries grow louder as the employees and customers watch him pull the pins and set them onto the teller's desk in front of the glass. They push and shove one another to get as far away from the inevitable blast as possible.

Michael exits the bank as the grenades go off, exploding into a flash of intense light and sound. The concussion turns the protective glass into a spider web of cracks, but does not shatter it.

EXT. SUN STATE BANK AND TRUST - SAME

The windows of the bank flash bright as Michael runs from the exit towards the Taurus.

INT. TAURUS - SAME

Michael jumps into the passenger seat.

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CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

North on Oak and then east on
ninth to the freeway. Let's go.

Gabriel puts the car into gear and speeds away. After a moment they pull away their balaclavas and glasses and wipe the sweat from the their brows as adrenaline pumps through their veins.

Rodriguez reaches over the seat, squeezes Michael's shoulder, and laughs.

ROLL CREDITS:

INT. EMPTY PARKING GARAGE - DAY

Gabriel parks the Taurus next to a Lexus, truck, and SUV. He opens the trunk of the Lexus and the crew throw all of their weapons, clothes, and gear into it; everything except Michael's backpack and the bag of money.

RODRIGUEZ

Three days?

MICHAEL

Yeah. Unless you hear from me
different.

GABRIEL

Go catch some bad guys.

Tompkins shakes his head and jumps into his truck. Rodriguez laughs and walks towards his SUV. Gabriel and Michael wait until they pull away and set the Taurus ablaze before they drive off in the Lexus.

EXT. PORT DISTRICT OF LOS ANGELES - DAY

BEN FELDMAN (40s) and YUSSEL SHABOT (40s) stand in fine tailored suits watching large cranes load containers onto barges on the dock.

Gabriel and Michael arrive and Shabot points to an open container just beyond them. They park inside and exit the car with their bags. Shabot locks the container and seals it with shipping wire. He motions to a forklift driver nearby who picks the conex up and carries it away.

The four gather around the back of a white Chevy Tahoe. Michael puts the backpack into the SUV.

FELDMAN

Any messages for Mr. Lustick?

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MICHAEL

Should there be?

The four briefly shake hands. Feldman and Shabot load into the Tahoe and drive away.

INT. SUN STATE BANK AND TRUST - DAY

JEFFERY ALLEN (white, mid-late 50s) enters the bank. He looks as though he suffers from a perpetual hangover, but his eyes are sharp when they need to be and his fervency and experience give him a strong presence.

Yellow tape surrounds the lobby and markers identify potential evidence. Half a dozen UNIFORMED OFFICERS speak to witnesses as a few SUITED DETECTIVES snap pictures and take notes of the crime scene. They are THOMAS LANIER (white, 30s), COREY PAYTON (black, 40s), and TRINA LING (Asian, late 30s). They converge on Jeffery as soon as he arrives.

Jeffery holds up his hands signaling for them to stop before they bombard him with information. They quietly huddle around him and watch as he moves to the center of the lobby and studies the scene and gains his focus: the badly bruised security guard, the distressed witnesses, the cracked tellers' glass, the empty flash-bang canisters, and the lock on the teller door.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Walk with me.

The group follows closely behind, offering noted details of the crime. They approach the tellers' desk.

LING

It was a four man team. They entered the bank at ten after eight.

JEFFERY ALLEN

What time does the bank open?

LING

Eight o'clock. They were covered head to toe and stormed in heavily armed with AK-47s and shotties.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Where'd they come from?

LING

None of the witnesses saw them arrive.

(MORE)

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LING (CONT'D)

And none of the surrounding stores were open yet, so we haven't had any luck finding a witness outside of the bank.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Of course not. This city doesn't wake up until nine o'clock.

Jeffery points to the flash-bang canisters on the floor as he walks behind the desk with Lanier.

LANIER

M84 stun grenade. Non-fragmentation. Pretty standard for riot control. The concussion split the glass.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Are they traceable?

LANIER

They removed the serial numbers. Plus, these things can be purchased online or fifty places in Los Angeles alone.

Jeffery stares at the splintered glass and holds up his middle finger. Payton and Ling stand on the other side, their figures barely recognizable.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Ling. How many fingers am I holding up?

LING

Three?

Jeffery smirks as they move from behind the desk and enter the vault.

JEFFERY ALLEN

So no one saw them come in and I'm guessing no one saw how they left.

Inside the vault Walter Sims sits on a chair shaking, speaking quietly with a violent crimes counselor, BETTY HERNANDEZ (Hispanic, 40s).

PAYTON

The witnesses all say the crew communicated in Spanish, except to the manager here, Mr. Sims.

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JEFFERY ALLEN

Hey Betty. How are you Mr. Sims?

Betty offers him an insincere smile and helps Sims off of the chair. Jeffery offers him a firm handshake.

JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

I'm Sergeant Detective, Jeffery Allen. I'm in charge of this investigation. You spoke to one of the men who held you up?

Sims nods.

JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

In English or Spanish?

SIMS

English.

JEFFERY ALLEN

What did he say?

SIMS

He knew everything about me. My name, my wife and kids' names. Their ages. Where I live.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Was there anything about him you recognized? His voice? Anything?

SIMS

I've already told your partners everything I know. What if they come to my house?

JEFFERY ALLEN

That's highly doubtful, but we'll get some cruisers over there to keep an eye out.

Jeffery leans into Sims a few inches from his face.

JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

Right now you've got some scared employees who need to see their boss with his shit together. Now you can act like a poor victim or you buck up and take control of this situation.

Sims's lips begin to quiver.

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JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

Can you do that for them?

Sims's eyes fill with tears as he slides back down into the chair. Betty eyes Jeffery maliciously and wraps her arms around Sims. Jeffery gazes at them indifferently and looks around the vault.

PAYTON

They made off with a little over six-hundred thousand from the vault, but their focus was on that security deposit box. Number 212.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Who does it belong to?

PAYTON

We're looking into that right now.

Jeffery leads the group back into the lobby.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Cameras?

LING

The cameras outside don't extend to the street. Our guys come in and out at the edge of the sidewalk.

JEFFERY ALLEN

How long, total?

LANIER

They were here two minutes and forty seconds.

LING

Whoever they are, they were informed and well rehearsed.

JEFFERY ALLEN

You have a talent for stating the obvious, Ling. I need you to consolidate all the witness statements. I want a report on my desk by COB.

Ling frowns at him, unhappy with his condescending tone.

JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

Pretty please?

She nods agitatedly and walks stiffly away.

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JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

Payton, get these Uniforms back on the street and find me a fucking witness who actually saw something.

PAYTON

I'll do my best.

Payton nods and casually walks off. Jeffery turns to Lanier who awaits instructions.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Search through every armed robbery in the last three years for crews matching the MO. Check out the Mexican cartels and syndicates but don't focus on them. Think scores with matching weapons, planning, resources...anything relevant. Check with our informants and put it out to the fences. They've gotta wash that cash somewhere. And find out who that deposit box belonged to.

Jeffery watches Betty escorting Sims through the lobby. Sims briefly makes eye contact with Jeffery, but looks away shamefully. Betty mimes the word 'asshole.'

EXT. LAPD STATION AND MOTOR POOL - DAY

Chris pulls into the station and parks his GMC in an open spot in the garage. He grabs his bag and heads for the stairs.

Welch, dressed now in plain clothes, pulls the UPS truck into the station. Once through the gate he stops, allowing Chris to cross the road as he heads towards the offices.

Welch parks the truck amongst two dozen other surveillance vehicles marked with different logos. He jumps from the truck and heads into his building.

INT. LAPD STATION, GED SQUAD HQ - DAY

SGT. MICAH NELSON (black, 40s) sits in front of the room speaking to a large group of OFFICERS from the GED (Gang Enforcement Detail). They're a potpourri of races and sizes and are dressed in various phases of their uniforms: black BDU's, T-shirts stamped LAPD - Gang Enforcement, and raid vests.

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The mood of the shift briefing is light. Tompkins leans against the wall staring out the window, drinking coffee. Chris Allen sits in the very back of the room listening attentively. Nelson holds the shift report in his hand.

NELSON

Paper work's getting sloppy people. Captain is still waiting for a report on new gang initiation methods from some of you...Smith!

SMITH (white, 40s) sits in the middle of the group sipping on a large energy drink.

SMITH

They get in a circle. They beat the shit out of each other. They hug it out. The end.

NELSON

Get it done.

Nelson waves the shift report into the air.

NELSON (CONT'D)

There's a lot of updates on the duty reports to thumb through before you get moving. Also, make sure you go over the station entries, particularly robbery. A bank in Sun Valley just got held up this morning.

Tompkins immediately turns his focus to Nelson.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Apparently they were heavily armed and spoke Spanish.

Half of the officers in the room laugh, including a large Hispanic officer, GOMEZ (Latino, 30s).

GOMEZ

That narrows it down to seventy-five percent of LA County.

NELSON

And they all live in your one bedroom duplex so they shouldn't be hard to find. Smartass.

Nelson smiles and laughs with the other officers.

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NELSON (CONT'D)

Anyway, it sounds like they're too sophisticated to be street, but check with your people anyway. Jeffery Allen from SCU is heading up the investigation. And speaking of Detective Allen, allow me to introduce the new member of our squad, his nephew, Chris Allen.

Chris stands up and waves to the room.

NELSON (CONT'D)

Where'd you come to us from, again?

CHRIS ALLEN

Patrol. Fourteenth Precinct.

A few dry laughs erupt from a few of the officers.

Nelson looks around the room scouting faces to partner him with. He finds Tompkins and smiles.

NELSON

Right. Pair up with Tompkins. He'll get you squared away.

Tompkins smirks back to Nelson and looks to Chris. He holds up five fingers and points to the exit.

NELSON (CONT'D)

That's it. Beat feet, you mutts.

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL, LOS ANGELES, GANG NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Tompkins drives an unmarked Crown Victoria through the rough streets of South Central. Chris stares curiously through the window of the passenger seat.

A handful of homeless crack heads panhandle for change while a couple of schizophrenic bums punch and kick at the air, screaming at the top of their lungs.

Several patrol cars surround a block corner patting down a group of Latino bangers.

Teenagers who should be in school run at the sight of their car as two young men on a corner pull at the leashes of their pit bulls, struggling to pull the enraged dogs apart.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA- DAY

Chris adjusts his stare between the streets and Tompkins, trying to think of something to say. Voices on the police radio quietly fill the silence.

CHRIS ALLEN

Where are you from?

TOMPKINS

Oakland.

CHRIS ALLEN

No shit. I grew up in the Bay Area. Went to college in Washington though.

Chris waits a beat for Tompkins to reciprocate.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

How long have you been with the squad?

TOMPKINS

Eighteen months.

CHRIS ALLEN

You're probably ripe for a promotion. The Sergeant's test is coming up, right?

Noticing Tompkins's growing irritation with the barrage of questions, Chris digresses and looks out the window. Tompkins pulls up to a red light and looks hard at Chris.

TOMPKINS

Tell me something. You came over from Fourteenth right? There's motherfuckers been waiting three years, begging to get on beach patrol. Yet, you came inland.

Chris stares at him, unsure of where he's taking this.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

What? Did you get caught with your dick stuck in some bad Venice pussy? Get a sunburn where you're not supposed to?

CHRIS ALLEN

I'm married, man.

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TOMPKINS

So. You're young. Probably got a holster full of hemp condoms for all them granola bitches.

Chris laughs and shakes his head as the light turns.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

It's alright. Just be honest.

CHRIS ALLEN

There's not much to it. I put in a lot of OV time, made some proactive arrests, and I tested well. My Captain thought GED would be a good fit for me.

TOMPKINS

And your uncle.

CHRIS ALLEN

And my uncle, yes.

TOMPKINS

We all need a grease-man at the top.

CHRIS ALLEN

Fourteenth is boring. I wanted to keep testing myself and GED is the best. Who wouldn't want to be here?

TOMPKINS

I get it. You wanna smash heads.

CHRIS ALLEN

Nah...well, yeah. I figure I'd work gangs a few years, maybe get on SWAT, fast-track to detective-

TOMPKINS

-Ahhh. There it is.

CHRIS ALLEN

What's that?

TOMPKINS

Ambition.

CHRIS ALLEN

Don't tell me you're not ambitious.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Tompkins pulls into a shady looking gas station and turns off the engine.

TOMPKINS

I don't know you from Adam and you don't know me, but I want you to listen to me for a second. You're right. There ain't nothing wrong with ambition. Putting on that badge, risking it all everyday because you believe in cleaning this shit-hole up without a single fucking thanks. That's ambitious.

CHRIS ALLEN

I wasn't saying -

TOMPKINS

- And there's a thing called tact. You've got what, three years on the force? I got eight years, motherfucker. If you're here because you think GED is going to springboard your ass to SWAT and put some stripes on your collar, line up. Because there's a whole bunch of motherfuckers twice as hard as you waiting nut-to-butt for the same thing and you ain't been here but a minute. Guardian Uncle or not. You need to re-think the reasons you came here or get your head back into that hairy bohemian ass in Fourteenth.

Chris looks through Tompkins's heated gaze, knowing he's said too much.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

Now go fill us up.

Allen steps out of the car and leans into the window.

CHRIS ALLEN

I don't have a department card yet.

TOMPKINS

Then I guess you got something to figure out.

INT. O BANNON'S IRISH PUB, HOLLYWOOD - DAY

Michael and Gabriel sit at the edge of the bar drinking tall pints of dark beer. Soccer plays on a small television behind the bar. The bartender, WILL (white, 40's), moves about wiping down bottles.

MICHAEL

Meacham called a couple of days ago.

GABRIEL

Fuck Meacham. And what's he doing calling you?

MICHAEL

Because he hasn't been able to reach you for three weeks.

GABRIEL

Don't worry about Meacham, I'll take care of it.

MICHAEL

I already did.

GABRIEL

Why would you do that?

MICHAEL

Because I'm your brother and it reflects poorly on me. You can't fuck around with these people, Gabe. They have a low tolerance for your bullshit.

GABRIEL

That's my debt. Not yours.

Michael hides his concern at the bottom of his pint.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I appreciate it. I do. But in the future, let me take care of my own business.

MICHAEL

Have you been putting some away? If you need more-

GABRIEL

-Come on, Mike. I don't need a lecture right now. Leah is going to be here any minute. I just want to watch the match.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The front door opens and late afternoon light floods the bar. LEAH GREEN's (white, mid-20s) tall, lean figure slowly immerses through the bright halo as the door closes behind her. She has dark hair and light green eyes and is exceptionally beautiful.

LEAH

Will! Line them up.

She reaches Gabriel and throws her arms around his neck, pulling him towards her lips. Michael watches them for a moment and looks away.

Will lines up four shots, one for himself, and the two break away from their kiss.

GABRIEL

Cheers!

They take the shots and Leah motions to Will for another.

MICHAEL

How was Greece?

LEAH

Terrible. There were mosquitos everywhere, the food was awful, the hotel sucked, and the photographer smelled like olives. But thanks for asking, Mike.

GABRIEL

It's a tough life, being a super model. I don't know how you deal.

LEAH

Sorry, I'm just drained. I need a pick-me-up.

Michael pushes his chair back and excuses himself.

LEAH (CONT'D)

You didn't say he was going to be here.

GABRIEL

What's your problem?

LEAH

He's always judging. Every time he looks at me.

GABRIEL

No he's not. He practically raised me, so you play nice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

She leans into him and pushes her lips around his ear.
Her hand slowly moves up his leg.

LEAH

I know a party where we can get
some H. There'll be lots of
pretty girls to play nice with.

Michael pulls out his cell and scrolls through his
contacts until he finds the name BRETT. He looks back
across the bar and watches Leah and Gabriel whispering.

MICHAEL

(into phone)

It's Mike. Are you free? Blow it
off and come over. Eight o'clock.
Good. I'll see you then.

Michael walks back towards his seat as Leah exits the
bar, back into the bright light of the day. Gabriel
stands up and reaches for his wallet.

GABRIEL

We're heading out. We've got this
thing.

He hands Michael a bill.

MICHAEL

Don't do anything stupid.

Gabriel smiles and heads for the exit.

GABRIEL

Me? Never.

Michael watches him leave and sinks back into his chair.
He looks at the bill; it's a five. He sighs and rubs his
face and orders another pint.

INT. MICHAEL'S BMW - NIGHT

Michael drives carefully down Sunset Boulevard,
constantly checking his mirrors.

INT. TOMMY'S BURGERS - NIGHT

Jeffery and Chris Allen sit across one another in a booth
eating a burger over a pitcher of beer. Jeffery also
sips from a glass of scotch and is slightly inebriated.

The restaurant is partially full with a diverse crowd
eating dinner or drinking at the bar.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS ALLEN

I didn't make the greatest first impression.

JEFFERY ALLEN

You've been good at everything you've ever set out to do. This won't be any different.

CHRIS ALLEN

It took these guys six to eight years to make the squad. I've got what, three years of easy patrol.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Don't measure yourself against everyone else. You've paid your dues and then some. All that other shit will work itself out. Just be yourself and don't back down from anyone, especially those fucking nig...

Jeffery stops himself as he glances around and leans over the table to make sure no one can hear him but Chris.

JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

Those fucking niggers and spics.

CHRIS ALLEN

You can't talk like that, Uncle Jeff.

JEFFERY ALLEN

I'm not talking about the people you work with or the people here. I'm talking about the H in CRASH. Those monkey fucks in Compton and Inglewood. You weren't here in ninety-two. It's been eighteen years and nothing's changed.

CHRIS ALLEN

It hasn't been called CRASH for a long time.

JEFFERY ALLEN

The only thing those people respect is the violence of action. Everyone's a victim and no one wants to police themselves and they're the worst.

CHRIS ALLEN

That's pretty fucking cynical.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris leans back and stares disapprovingly at him.
Jeffery's eyes and face soften.

JEFFERY ALLEN

I'm sorry. I've been doing this
shit too long and I'm too old to
change. I'm not a bad person.

CHRIS ALLEN

Of course not, I'm not saying
that. You're just tired. You've
had a hard year.

JEFFERY ALLEN

I wish Emily could see you now.
The man you've become.

Chris slides out of the booth and offers a warm smile.

CHRIS ALLEN

I've gotta get home. You okay?

JEFFERY ALLEN

What does Trevor want for his
birthday?

CHRIS ALLEN

He'll be three, so whatever. He
puts everything in his mouth, so
as long it digests, it's good.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael pulls his car into the garage and walks inside
with a bag of Chinese food. It's a modest house
decorated with nice things, but not too ostentatious.

He pours himself a glass of bourbon and opens a drawer
full of new cell phones and lifts one out.

INT. DISCREET BUILDING - NIGHT

A couple of other UC detectives sit around watching
monitors with headphones on as Welch answers his phone.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

It's me. How's work?

WELCH

Quiet as a mother's prayer.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

Good. See you in two days.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WELCH

Alright.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - SAME

Michael hangs up the phone and pulls it apart. He takes out the SIM card, breaks it in half, and throws it into his garbage disposal. He takes a sip from his bourbon and checks his watch when a knocking sounds at the door.

He opens the door to BRETT HURLEY (black, late 20s). She is average height, curvy, and beautiful, with black curly hair and speaks with a British accent.

MICHAEL

I don't know why you still knock.

He smiles and moves aside for her to walk past.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE, BAR - LATER

She affectionately watches him pour them both a glass of red wine. They hold their glasses up and laugh at his toast. The Chinese food sits eaten on the bar in front of them.

EXT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE, PATIO - LATER

They stand outside on his patio looking over the city. The view is spectacular. She smiles at him adoringly. The distant lights twinkle in front of them.

MICHAEL

Every time I come out here the lights have pushed the edge of the city further away.

BRETT

I don't like feeling so small.

He slowly leans in to kiss her, but she turns her head and grabs his hand. She places it on her heart for a moment before sliding it over her breast.

She leads him back into the house, towards the bedroom.

INT. WEST HOLLYWOOD, HOUSE - EARLY MORNING

Gabriel's eyelids swing abruptly open. He sits up from the floor and orients himself to the strange room.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A COUPLE lies asleep, naked on the bed beside him. His pants and his shirt are scattered around the room.

He checks his watch, it reads 5:08 am. He dresses and walks into the bathroom to find Leah asleep, half clothed in a large bathtub next to another model. He smiles to himself and wakes her.

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD, STREET - SAME

Gabriel and Leah stumble down the street towards Denny's. The joy of last night's drugs and alcohol are turning into physical pain.

LEAH

Fucking call someone.

Gabriel pulls a cell phone from his pocket and dials a number.

GABRIEL

(into the phone)

I need a ride. I can't. Because I lost my wallet. The Denny's on Sunset.

INT. MICHAEL'S BMW - MORNING

Michael drives up the Denny's parking lot, into a space just outside the window of the booth where Gabriel and Leah have landed. He stares sadly at them and honks. Gabriel wakes up, gathers his senses, and spots Michael through the window. He smiles and wakes Leah.

INT. LAPD, SPECIAL INVESTIGATIONS UNIT HQ - DAY

Lanier, Payton, and Ling sit around a group of desks making calls and looking over files. OTHER DETECTIVES are busy at work around the large room.

Jeffery Allen arrives carrying a box of bagels and a carafe of coffee. He looks worn out and sleepless, despite an energetic presence.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Good morning everyone.

Surprised, they respond in kind as he places the bagels and the coffee in the center for everyone to share.

JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

What do you have for me, Ling?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LING

I've consolidated all the witness statements, but you won't find anything you don't know already.

JEFFERY ALLEN

They leave anything behind?

LING

Forensics didn't find a single hair or fingerprint.

Lanier picks up a stack of files from his desk and sets them in front of Jeffery.

LANIER

I ran through every armed robbery the last three years and matched ours with nine others in the greater metropolitan area. You name it, they've hit it - a computer factory, armored truck, a chemical plant.

JEFFERY ALLEN

That's why we haven't connected them.

LANIER

In every case the crew was completely disguised, spoke Spanish, and came heavily armed.

LING

This was their second bank. The first was in Van Nuys two years ago. They killed a security guard. Ballistics never found a match.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Find out if there's a pattern to what they're stealing. Or if any of it's linked somehow through business associations or insurance.

(to Lanier)

Anything from our informants?

LANIER

Not worth mentioning.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Who'd the safety deposit box belong to?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

PAYTON

A wealthy Saudi business man named Abdullah Ahmed Abbas. He married a French Canadian woman in Vancouver in nineteen eighty-nine and conveniently died there two weeks ago. The cause is still unknown.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Why would he keep a box there?
Did you contact his wife?

PAYTON

I did. No one in his family knew a thing about it.

Jeffery smiles and rubs his temples.

JEFFERY ALLEN

What do we know? We know nothing. Call up every detective who worked on these cases and find out if something was left out. We got some cash to spend, let's use it. Lean harder on the informants. What's told in the ear of one man is heard a hundred miles away in this city. Someone knows something about this fucking crew.

EXT. MOM AND POP GROCERY STORE, PARKING LOT - DAY

The grocery store doors push open as Michael makes his way through the exit carrying a small bag of fruit.

He approaches his car and notices two men have fallen in behind him. He turns to find Shabot and Feldman.

MICHAEL

They have the best fruit in town here.

FELDMAN

Mr. Lustick wants to see you.

EXT. BEACH - DAY

The foamy ocean water sinks into the soft sand and disappears under the feet of RICHARD LUSTICK (40s/50s). Tall and muscular with deep set eyes and dark, well groomed hair, he stares out into the Pacific holding his shoes at his side, his suit pants rolled up to his knees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A moment later, Michael reaches Lustick who extends his hand. Feldman and Shabot follow at a short distance as Lustick leads him down the beach. He speaks with a slight Israeli accent through partially crooked front teeth.

LUSTICK

In eighty-two, I was running a team in Beirut. Our mission was to find covert pockets of the PLO and, well you can figure out the rest. One night we do a raid on a known safe house and it's empty when we arrive. There's food cooking in the oven, fresh bread on the table, and tea steaming from the pot, but no one around. I'm thinking maybe they caught wind of us and ran. We must've just missed them. We'd hardly eaten in days so one of my men opens the oven to see what has the house smelling so good and detonates ten pounds of explosives stuffed inside a chicken. In a moment of hunger he forgot all of his training and peeked where he shouldn't have been peeking.

Michael looks quizzically at Lustick.

LUSTICK (CONT'D)

There was a counter installed inside the box to track how many times it's been opened. It didn't read zeroes when it arrived to me.

MICHAEL

What are you talking about?

LUSTICK

I was very specific when I said no one was to look inside.

MICHAEL

That's right. And no one did. No one but me could've...and I sure as shit didn't.

Lustick finds a sudden trace of doubt on Michael's face as he calmly recounts the events to himself.

LUSTICK

You don't look so certain.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A beat as Michael shakes his head.

MICHAEL

I don't believe you.

LUSTICK

You've placed me in a very peculiar situation. I should find your fuck-up brother and torture you both until you give up your crew. Then sink all of you in stress positions to the bottom of the Mariana.

MICHAEL

You touch a hair on Gabriel or anyone I know and there are no limits to how far-

LUSTICK

-You're hardly in a position to be threatening anyone. There's a reason you work for me and not the other way around.

A beat as neither refuses to break their vigorous stare.

LUSTICK (CONT'D)

There's a second half to the job. I had planned on using another crew in order to keep everything sub rosa, but now I'm sure you feel obligated to use yours. You'll not be paid for the bank unless you succeed, which I assure you will be considerably more difficult. This will be your last job. After which you will dissolve your crew, leave the West Coast, and never return. Those are my only terms. If you refuse or fail, well, you can figure out the rest.

MICHAEL

We get what you were offering the other crew. And I want your word Gabe will be left alone if something should happen to me.

LUSTICK

I'll think about it. But don't mistake my kindness for weakness.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MICHAEL

What's the job?

LUSTICK

My boys will fill you in with the details. We've got a warehouse set up for you to prep. I'll get back to you with the time.

Michael scowls at him and turns to walk away.

LUSTICK (CONT'D)

And Mike, what you didn't see with your eyes, don't witness with your mouth. There's only a handful of people who know what was in that box, and my clients have gone to great lengths to keep it that way.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

The large warehouse is a dark and dingy old building. Cages full of dusty boxes and furniture line the aluminum walls. An actual sized model of the second job's interior has been constructed with plywood in the middle of the one room building. It is detailed down to the metal detectors and furniture.

Gabriel, Tompkins, Rodriguez, and Welch stand around an old pool table in a corner of the building drinking beer and laughing. A dusty, antique chandelier hangs above their heads softly lighting the mood and their faces.

Michael arrives and watches them for a moment before announcing his presence.

RODRIGUEZ

New office? What is this?

Michael smiles and tosses a gym bag onto the table. Gabriel opens it to find four bundles of cash marked with their names.

WELCH

To the victor go the spoils.

MICHAEL

I got seventy cents on the dollar.
That's eighty-five per bundle.

Gabriel smells his bundle and kisses it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABRIEL

You could've just set this on ice for me in the Chairman's Suite. I have it reserved under Raymond Babbitt.

TOMPKINS

What's up, Mike? You don't look too pleased.

MICHAEL

Lustick came to see me today.

The air is sucked from the room.

RODRIGUEZ

What for?

MICHAEL

One of you knows, because one of you opened the box.

Michael looks over them calmly.

GABRIEL

Bullshit. You distinctly told us not to look. He's playing you.

MICHAEL

There was a counter installed inside. Someone peeked.

Michael watches as the others look mistrustfully at one another, holding his stare a beat longer on Gabriel.

RODRIGUEZ

So who the fuck did it?

TOMPKINS

Don't look at me!

GABRIEL

It could've been one of Lustick's guys.

MICHAEL

It doesn't matter. It's done, and if you're smart you'll keep it to yourself. We've got a bigger problem now.

WELCH

What do you mean?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

It was a two part job all along. Lustick was planning on using another crew, hence the new office, but now we have to do it or he's gonna put us down.

GABRIEL

He knows who I am, Mike!

MICHAEL

Yes, he does. He doesn't know the rest of you, but I promise he'll go to great lengths to find out. And he won't stop with you. He'll go after your girlfriends and wives and family, everyone until he's satisfied.

Welch, Rodriguez, and Tompkins look to one another with deep concern as Gabriel paces the room.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

This is our last job. We're done after this. We have no choice.

RODRIGUEZ

Fuck Lustick. Why don't we just kill him before he gets to us?

GABRIEL

Is that a joke? He'd cut off your dick and wouldn't tell you the time of day if you were bleeding to death at his feet. Hamas has tried to kill him for twenty years and you think we're gonna get to him?

MICHAEL

He's offering two and a half plus guaranteed plunder for the second job. He'll pay the million he still owes for the bank if and only if it gets done, and not a second before.

WELCH

What makes you think he won't just kill us rather than pay us.

MICHAEL

There's no guarantee, but if we do it there's at least a chance we live and make out ahead.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

TOMPKINS

What's the second job?

MICHAEL

It's an unmarked Homeland Security building just east of LAX. DHS uses the building to store sensitive materials coming in and out of the country. It's not going to be easy.

A beat.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

We've worked together a long time. I don't give a damn who looked in the box. I'm over it. But I'm doing this with or without you so make your decisions. Otherwise, take your chances and leave, but you've gotta disappear now.

Michael looks them over as they contemplate the situation.

TOMPKINS

You ain't leaving us much of a choice.

WELCH

I'm not going anywhere. LA's my home. I'm with you, Mike.

RODRIGUEZ

Fuck it. I ain't running. If it's the last score, I'm in.

All eyes turn to Tompkins.

TOMPKINS

What are we after?

MICHAEL

Let's not make the same mistake twice. That stays with me this time.

RODRIGUEZ

Think of your wife, man. You gonna tell her? Put her on the lam?

Tompkins looks them over for a beat and finally nods.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

GABRIEL

I guess we all just assume I'm in.

Michael scowls cruelly at Gabriel.

INT. INTERIOR MODEL, WAREHOUSE - SAME

Tompkins and Rodriguez run through the model doors towards the mock X-ray station. They take down Gabriel and Michael who act as guards. Welch records the time.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

The building is located in a gated complex called Industrial Village. Approach and exit are easy, but once we're inside it gets considerably difficult.

Michael leads the crew down a long hallway into a mock foyer.

MICHAEL

They use basic alarm safeguards through the LAPD, but there's a hitch.

Tompkins and Rodriguez apply a simulated explosive device around the frame of the vault door.

MICHAEL (V.O.)

The vault automatically locks when the silent alarm is triggered and can't be opened until it's reset.

WELCH (V.O.)

Or?

MICHAEL (V.O.)

Or we do it the old fashioned way.

Again, Welch records their time.

GABRIEL

And the rest of the guards?

MICHAEL

They outsource security through TSA. The two inside the door, two roving, and another at the lobby desk.

Michael points to the two office doors leading from the foyer as he leads them into the vault.

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CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

The offices hold at least a dozen employees, and on top of that we won't have a layout of the vault. We're going to have to plan for time to search through it once we're inside.

WELCH

That puts us around eight, eight and half minutes.

MICHAEL

I'm thinking more like ten.

INT. WAREHOUSE - SAME

The crew stand around the pool table. The stacks of money lie in front of them. Rodriguez opens a beer.

GABRIEL

It can't be done. There's no way.

WELCH

Gabe's right. They'll be on us in three minutes, tops.

MICHAEL

Then we need to buy time. We've got to figure out a way to keep units away for as long as possible. Ideas?

Tompkins, Welch, and Rodriguez look to one another for.

TOMPKINS

We could set off a couple fire alarms a few miles away. Or call in a terrorist threat.

WELCH

That'll just stir up the LAFD and put HLS building on lock-down, which won't be much good to us.

MICHAEL

We've got to think bigger. Whatever trades us minutes.

RODRIGUEZ

I've got something. I thought about bringing it up before but we never had a need. We could stage a 999.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WELCH

That's actually not a bad idea.

TOMPKINS

Hold up, man. That's pretty
fucking hard core.

MICHAEL

Lay off the cop shit, alright.
Speak English?

RODRIGUEZ

When an officer is killed or
wounded or is in some form of dire
straights, he calls in a triple-
nine. Radios switch to a
predetermined station and all
active units in the area converge
on the downed officer. Like that,
it's safeties off. It's open
season on cop killers and everyone
wants a piece. It's standard
operating procedure.

WELCH

I've actually been on one, years
ago when I was on patrol. It was
like the city unplugged and
drained the entire LAPD into one
sewer. I remember thinking if
someone wanted, they'd have a free
run at the rest of the city.

RODRIGUEZ

We plan it right, I guaran-fucking-
tee we'll have every cruiser out
of our area in seconds.

GABRIEL

But, you'd have to shoot a cop.

RODRIGUEZ

Yeah. It's too bad you're not one
anymore. You'd be perfect.

GABRIEL

Fuck you, Rod.

RODRIGUEZ

Funny thing is, you're the last
person I thought would have a
problem with killing.

Gabriel turns red with anger and Michael quickly
diffuses.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL

You guys talk it over and I'll
think about it. We'll meet again
in a couple of days.

Welch, Tompkins, and Rodriguez grab their stack of cash,
open the door, and disappear into the night. Gabriel
counts a few thousand dollars from his stack.

GABRIEL

I guess I ain't going to Vegas.

He places the money on the table in front of Michael.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

That's what I owe you for Meacham.

He looks up and meets Michael's odious stare.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I know you think it was me, but I
didn't open that box.

MICHAEL

I don't think anything. I just
know who it wasn't.

EXT. STREET CORNER, SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - DAY

Tompkins and Chris pull up to a murder scene in their
Crown Victoria. The intersection is blocked off with
patrol cars, flares, and yellow tape.

Large crowds have formed on opposite sides of the street.
The majority of them are black and most of the young men
wear blue.

Tompkins and Chris work their way towards Rodriguez who
kneels over a young black man named DARIOUS IRVING (17),
lying bullet ridden in a thick pool of blood and
splintered bone.

TOMPKINS

(to Rodriguez)

I can always spot homicide by
their imitation Armani suits.
Careful you don't get it stained.

RODRIGUEZ

I'm not worried. I've got two.

TOMPKINS

Chris Allen...Detective Rodriguez.
Homicide.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris nods and they all shake hands.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)
How's it hanging?

RODRIGUEZ
Long and to the left.

Tompkins squats beside Irving and stares into his dry, lifeless eyes while Rodriguez pulls out the dead man's wallet and rummages for his identification.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)
You know him.

TOMPKINS
Darius Irving.

RODRIGUEZ
Is he affiliated?

TOMPKINS
P Stone Bloods, off Crenshaw. I don't know what he's doing over here.

CHRIS ALLEN
Getting himself fucked up is what.

Rodriguez and Tompkins gaze coldly at Chris, who's failed attempt at humor has turned himself red.

RODRIGUEZ
This definitely wasn't a spray and pray. His wounds are bruised and cauterized so he was shot at close range, which means he probably knew the motherfuckers. He comes out of the store, they drive up, call him, he walks up to the car, bam...dead cold as wintry weather.

TOMPKINS
Casings?

RODRIGUEZ
45 ACP.

TOMPKINS
We'll see what we can find out.

Rodriguez nods and looks at Chris who has been quietly fixated on Irving's body. Tompkins rolls his eyes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

Allen. Get over there and find
out what kind of car these
motherfuckers were driving.

Chris snaps from his comatose stare and heads across the street towards the crowd. Rodriguez laughs and shakes his head as Tompkins turns towards the opposite side of the road.

Tompkins approaches a CROWD standing calmly behind the police barricade. He immediately recognizes a face in the group: BRANDON SUGGS. Suggs's face is badly bruised.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

Who'd you piss off?

SUGGS

Man, I know when you run from the cops you're gonna get tuned up some. I'm cool with that. I'm not gonna complain. But these guys crossed the line. It was fucking ridiculous.

Tompkins laughs and shakes his hand.

TOMPKINS

Are they here?

SUGGS

Nah.

TOMPKINS

What are you running for anyway?

SUGGS

Because I needed exercise. Why the fuck you think?

TOMPKINS

You can't use that excuse anymore.

SUGGS

Yeah? Check your boy.

Tompkins turns around and peers across the street. The crowd is growing loud and restless, pointing their fingers at Chris who raises his hands for calm. Tompkins watches for a moment and slowly make his way back across the road.

CHRIS ALLEN

Hey! Calm down.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

The crowd is led and fueled by DESHAUN MILLER (20s). Dressed heavily in blue clothing, his skin is littered with tattoos and scars. He stands face to face with Chris, separated only by yellow tape.

DESHAUN MILLER

You calm down, officer Allen. You can't come over here and blame us for X-ing out that nigga.

CHRIS ALLEN

I didn't say that. Don't put words in my mouth.

DESHAUN MILLER

That's exactly what you said.

CHRIS ALLEN

No it's not. I said one of you had to have seen something.

DESHAUN MILLER

You're a lying pig.

Chris's demeanor changes instantly. The two gauge one another like pit bulls. Miller leans in close to Chris.

DESHAUN MILLER (CONT'D)

Roll up under this tape and I'll get balls deep in that pink virgin ass, you punk faggot.

Chris doesn't hesitate. He thrusts his fist into Miller's head and kicks his legs out from under him. He turns him onto his belly and drags him under the tape. The crowd erupts into screams and chants of brutality as other officers run over to assist.

Chris puts the cuffs over DeShaun's wrists and knees into his back victoriously as Tompkins walks up. Tompkins looks down at DeShaun who winks and offers a corrupt smile.

DESHAUN MILLER (CONT'D)

What's up with your new boy, Terrell?

TOMPKINS

(to Chris)

Can I talk to you for a minute?

INT. STORE, CRIME SCENE - SAME

Tompkins pushes open the glass door and Chris follows him inside. Tompkins locks the door behind them.

TOMPKINS

What the fuck you think you're doing?

CHRIS ALLEN

What I had to.

TOMPKINS

Throw a nigga down and incite a fucking riot?

CHRIS ALLEN

No. Bullshit. He threatened me.

TOMPKINS

So! Get used to it! They ain't a prison large enough to house every motherfucker rolling threats on us. Gang Enforcement Detail! They fight back over here. You even know who that is?

Chris shakes his head.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

You even know where the hell you are?!

CHRIS ALLEN

Fuck off, Terrell. I can read a map.

TOMPKINS

What does your map say, Big Timer?

Chris looks at him without an answer.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

You're in the Rollin 40s. Crip country. That ain't on your GPS! And that nigga you just gassed up in front of his whole neighborhood is DeShaun Miller, a Rolling 40's lieutenant. And you probably just promoted his ass.

Chris's face turns solemn and apologetic.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

You think anyone's gonna talk to us now? You just made yourself public enemy number one to these people. Not to mention you probably just made this case virtually unsolvable.

Chris stands in front of him momentarily speechless. Tompkins walks to the door and unlocks it.

CHRIS ALLEN

What do you want me to do?

TOMPKINS

I want you to use your fucking brain. This ain't patrol. Big boy rules apply here.

CHRIS ALLEN

I mean about DeShaun.

TOMPKINS

You can't let him go now, can you? Figure it out your damn self. And find your own damn ride doing it.

The bell above the door rings as Tompkins pushes it open and steps out of the store. Chris looks around the store for a moment, uncertain of what to do next.

CHRIS ALLEN

Fucking prick.

EXT. CHRIS ALLEN'S NEIGHBORHOOD - EVENING

Chris and Michelle push strollers carrying Trevor and Tabitha down the sidewalk as the day closes around them.

MICHELLE

I've had better conversation with Trevor today than with you.

CHRIS ALLEN

I'm sorry. I've still got Tompkins's voice screaming in my head.

MICHELLE

It's only been a few days.

CHRIS ALLEN

And already I feel like an imposter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE

Stop acting like a girl and learn from him. You're not going to impress any of them overnight. You know better than anyone that kind of respect is earned slowly.

CHRIS ALLEN

I impressed you overnight.

MICHELLE

Not by acting like a patsy. And it was your uniform and tequila that got me over FOR the night. But it was the rest of you that earned my love. You're the most incredible man I know, Chris, but you're also the most impatient.

CHRIS ALLEN

You've got bite to you tonight.

MICHELLE

That's right, crime-fighter.

Chris smiles and whispers into her ear. She laughs and pushes his arm away.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

You're not using those on me.
(to Trevor)
Don't be like your father.

CHRIS ALLEN

I'm opening tequila after story time.

INT. LAPD, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - NIGHT

Jeffery Allen fumbles through files on top of his messy desk. The fading sounds of voices and laughter grab his attention. He peeks out of the office and watches his team leave. Alone, he opens his desk drawer and pulls out a bottle of Scotch.

He pours himself a tall drink, pulls out a blanket and pillow from a wall locker, kicks off his tie and shoes, and lies on an old couch. The Scotch rests on his chest, rising with every slow breath.

He looks over pictures of the crew collected from video inside the bank with a magnifying lens for a moment before he reaches up and turns off the light.

INT. BOOTH, THE PRINCE CAFE, KOREA TOWN - NIGHT

Tompkins sits facing Welch and Rodriguez as they talk quietly in a booth over sake and beer.

WELCH

I've thought about it over and over. The nine-nine-nine, it's the toughest, but clearest solution. I think you know that.

TOMPKINS

There ain't nothing clear about it.

RODRIGUEZ

Mike made it pretty crystal, Terrell. Lustick's gonna have trains plowing through Alicia in some diseased Turkish brothel, or you get on board with this.

TOMPKINS

Chill the fuck out about my wife. I know something's gotta get done. I ain't arguing that, but you're talking about turning our three Holiest numbers into a euphemism for premeditated murder. That don't come without consequences, and I'm not talking about the ones given us if we're caught.

WELCH

That may be true, but we're in a situation where there's a clear divide between necessity and conscience, and we've been on the side of necessity for a long time.

RODRIGUEZ

First, we ain't getting caught. And second, fuck all that police code, brothers in blue bullshit. Since when did you start placing so much value on life, Terrell. You see motherfuckers killed every week in the hood and you call them statistics. All the sudden you're gonna get saintly because a motherfucker wears a shield.

TOMPKINS

There's a big difference.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODRIGUEZ

Bullshit. Do you know how many officers in the LAPD that've been killed in the line of duty in the last couple of years?

Tompkins shakes his head.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

No one knows, because no one gives a shit once the funeral parades are over. And you know what ninety percent of cops at those things are telling themselves?

WELCH

They're saying, 'Better him than me.'

TOMPKINS

Say we do it this way, how do we go about picking him? We have to think about that, right? You gonna feel okay with yourself widowing somebody's wife?

RODRIGUEZ

If he has a wife she's gonna deposit that insurance check, jump on a cruise, and celebrate getting properly fucked by someone who can actually still get it up.

WELCH

The point is, don't think about that shit because it has no bearing on who we decide.

TOMPKINS

What then? Are we just going to draw a name from a hat?

RODRIGUEZ

It's going to be someone who serves our purpose. Plain and simple. Everything else is inconsequential.

TOMPKINS

Jesus. You've already got him picked out.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

WELCH

I know what you're thinking. That if we do this we'll somehow damn ourselves. Any moral debt owed by us for this has already been paid in full for filth we walk amongst everyday.

TOMPKINS

We have collared a lot of wicked motherfuckers.

RODRIGUEZ

The badge don't make us righteous. I've never claimed to be something I'm not. It just makes us right.

Tompkins looks out the window and drinks from his mug.

WELCH

I want that money, Terrell. I know you do, too. Either we face down Lustick, or we do the inevitable and get this behind us.

He turns back to them and finally nods his head.

TOMPKINS

Fuck it. Who'd you have in mind?

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris breathes heavily for a moment, rubbing the sweat from his face. Michelle, just as sweaty, is planted on top of him as they make love between a mess of sheets.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - NIGHT

Chris and Michelle sit across one another snacking on wine and fruit. Chris is completely naked. Michelle is dressed only in one of his old LAPD tee shirts.

MICHELLE

I spoke to Alicia Tompkins for an hour on the phone this morning.

CHRIS ALLEN

As in my partner Tompkins?

MICHELLE

As in his wife.

Chris stares at her, waiting for more information.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

She's very nice. I invited them over for dinner.

CHRIS ALLEN

Wait...what? Why?

MICHELLE

Because I don't have many friends and I want to get to know the people I have the privilege of sharing you with everyday.

CHRIS ALLEN

I wish you would've asked me.

MICHELLE

If I ever NEED your permission, just assume I already have it.

Chris laughs and leans in to kiss her. A speaker on the kitchen counter comes alive with the slow cry of a waking child. Michelle gets up to tend to the baby.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Alicia says Terrell likes ribs.

CHRIS ALLEN

Now I have to cook, too?

EXT. PARKING GARAGE, TOP FLOOR - DAY

Michael, Gabriel, Tompkins, Rodriguez, and Welch huddle around Michael's car with no one else in sight. Los Angeles sprawls out around them in all directions.

TOMPKINS

His name's Chris Allen. He's my new partner.

MICHAEL

And you're okay with this?

TOMPKINS

Yeah. It won't be a problem.

WELCH

The kid's got an uncle in SIU who's actually running our case. He's somewhat of a legend.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WELCH (CONT'D)

He was a character witness for the defense in the Rodney King trials, but his testimony got tossed for calling King a 'bush whookie' to some reporter. He's old school. Once he hears his nephew's down, he'll have every swinging dick he can muster moving to the call.

RODRIGUEZ

I'll see to it that I'm brought in to clean up any mistakes. Divert suspicion where it needs to go.

MICHAEL

You're all in agreement?

Welch and Rodriguez are confident, but a slight trace of doubt resides in Tompkins's eyes.

GABRIEL

Why can't you just wound him?

RODRIGUEZ

That'll work. That way he can wake up and identify who shot him.

MICHAEL

(to Gabriel)

I'm open to other ideas if you have any.

Gabriel looks as though he wants to speak, but digresses.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Okay then. It's settled. There's no turning back from this point. We are in forward motion.

GABRIEL

Does he have a family? Kids?

MICHAEL

Stop right there. The details of Allen's life aren't to be discussed. The only one who speaks to or of him is Terrell.

(to Terrell)

Keep it normal. Earn his trust so you can get him where he needs to be, but don't get any closer to this kid than you have to, so there is no hesitation, no inkling of doubt, you can't do this when the bells start tolling.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMPKINS

I've already got a plan in motion.

MICHAEL

As for the rest of us, the kid is dead already. He never existed.

EXT. STREETS, SOUTH CENTRAL LOS ANGELES - DAY

Tompkins and Chris move through the rough neighborhoods in the Crown Victoria. Chris occasionally eyes Tompkins to gauge his mood.

CHRIS ALLEN

This is MS-Thirteen area, right?

TOMPKINS

Yep.

CHRIS ALLEN

All the way up to Vermont Avenue?

Tompkins nods.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

And they're beefing hard against Rollin' Forties now, aren't they?

TOMPKINS

Beefing?

Chris shrugs his shoulders and smiles.

CHRIS ALLEN

I heard you say it.

TOMPKINS

You know why they're 'beefing'?

CHRIS ALLEN

Because the Forties gunned down one of their leaders, Sylvester Morales. For cutting up some hooker the Forties pimp out.

TOMPKINS

You've been studying. Good. Knowledge is power on the streets. This job don't stop when you turn the keys in at the end of the day.

Chris looks out the window to hide his smile. He's finally done something right.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD, SOUTH CENTRAL - DAY

Tompkins pulls up to a corner and parks on the street in front of a house. TWO OLD MEN play chess on the porch. Directly across the road a handful of CRIPS sit on a porch watching them. A couple pull blue bandanas off their necks and cover their faces.

TOMPKINS

Hang out for a few. I'll be back.

Tompkins steps out of the car and walks towards the porch to chat with the old men. Chris crawls out of his seat and leans against the car, studying the block.

A few of the NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS walk up. It isn't long before Chris is half surrounded. He watches as a couple of the bangers jump from the porch and walk towards him.

KID #1

Who are you? I ain't seen you here before.

CHRIS ALLEN

I'm Officer Allen. What's your name?

KID #1

Why you wanna know my name?

CHRIS ALLEN

You know mine. It's only polite to tell me yours.

KID #2

He wants to arrest us.

BANGER #1.

You that cop that busted up DeShaun the other night.

CHRIS ALLEN

That was a misunderstanding.

BANGER #2

We've got other names for it.

KID #2

That was you? I told you he wanted to arrest us.

CHRIS ALLEN

Why aren't you kids in class?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BANGER #1.

The Youngins is gettin' home
schooled.

CHRIS ALLEN

Are you their teacher?

BANGER #1.

No doubt.

CHRIS ALLEN

I've got a question for you
professor?

The kids burst into taunting laughter as Chris friendly
challenges the banger.

BANGER #1.

What you got?

CHRIS ALLEN

I see you've got your colors on.
Your rocking a pimp limp. You're
proud of your set.

BANGER #1.

For sure.

CHRIS ALLEN

Tell me then, who's the founder of
the Crips, and what was the
original name of the gang?

Banger #1 stands silently searching for the answer.

BANGER #2

He don't know!

Again, the kids erupt into laughter and taunt Banger #1.

BANGER #1.

He don't know either.

CHRIS ALLEN

It was formed by Raymond
Washington in 1969 and they called
themselves the Crips.

BANGER #1

Bullshit! Ain't nobody ever call
it Crips!

Across the street DeShaun Miller steps out of the house
and joins the other bangers who remained on the porch.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris locks eyes with Miller who forms his hand in the shape of a gun and motions it towards Chris. Tompkins's voice arrives behind him.

TOMPKINS

You kids get to school or I'm
gonna arrest your mamas.

The kids disperse as Chris jumps back into the car. As they drive away, he locks eyes again with DeShaun, who gives him a parting smile.

EXT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE, LAUREL CANYON - DAY

Michael pulls a large white van into the driveway. Gabriel's door is wide open as Michael crosses the front yard. He is dressed in workman's clothes.

Leah storms out of the house carrying a bag and a purse. Her clothes are disheveled and her hair is a mess.

LEAH

Beautiful, aren't I.

MICHAEL

What happened? Where's Gabe?

LEAH

He's all yours.

INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE, LAUREL CANYON - SAME

Gabriel kneels over broken glass in the living room. The kitchen is overrun with dirty dishes and boxes of half eaten food and bottles of beer and wine. Clothes and shoes line the hallway.

Gabriel looks up and smiles when he sees Michael.

MICHAEL

What was that all about?

GABRIEL

It's melodramatic week on Planet
Leah.

Gabriel cuts himself on a piece of glass and watches a small pool of blood form on his fingertip. He looks up and locks eyes momentarily with Michael.

INT. HOME DEPOT - DAY

Michael and Gabriel push two buggies full of supplies into separate cashier lanes. It's a mix of materials they need for the job and materials for the receipt.

EXT. HOME DEPOT, PARKING LOT - DAY

Michael opens the back of the van and rummages through the bags. He separates what they need from what they don't. Gabriel, looking sick, watches the parking lot.

EXT. JUNK YARD - DAY

Michael pulls the van into a fenced compound full of old vehicles waiting to be stripped. He rolls down his window and greets the FOREMAN with an envelope. The foreman points him to the corner of the lot.

Gabriel gets out and opens the trunk of a rusty, wheel-less Cadillac. He pulls out a box and inspects the contents: RDX materials, zero-ductility ceramic cones, detonation cord, and blasting caps. He closes the box and carries it with him back into the van.

INT. MICHAEL'S VAN - EVENING

Michael drives carefully through Laurel Canyon, repeatedly checking his mirrors.

MICHAEL

After this job, I want you to come with me.

Gabriel laughs to himself and shakes his head.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm serious.

GABRIEL

Isn't it ironic we call what we do a 'job.'

MICHAEL

What else would we call it?

Michael pulls into Gabriel's driveway. Gabriel sits for a moment staring at his feet. He turns to Michael.

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CONTINUED:

GABRIEL

You're not seriously going through with this? We're not going to murder a cop, are we?

MICHAEL

If we don't do this **job**, Lustick will find us and he will kill us. Do you understand?

GABRIEL

Yeah.

MICHAEL

Say it then.

GABRIEL

He'll find us and he will kill us.

Gabriel opens the van door and slams it shut behind him. He enters the dark house and turns off the porch light.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeffery Allen plays with Trevor and Tabitha at the dining room table while Michelle and Chris cook dinner. Jeffery is enamored by the children. His cell phone rings.

INT. LAPD, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - NIGHT

Lanier is working late from his desk.

LANIER

(into phone)

Got a call from one of your old CI's today. A guy named Tommy Sanders. He says he might have a lead on our crew.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeffery walks onto the back porch.

JEFFERY ALLEN

I haven't heard that name in a while. We'll run him down tomorrow. We've got nothing else.

He hangs up his phone and heads back into the kitchen and grabs his keys. He gives the children each a kiss.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS ALLEN

You heading out?

JEFFERY ALLEN

Yeah. I put a little on the game.
Probably best I do my screaming
from home.

CHRIS ALLEN

Alright. I'll save you some ribs.

The doorbell rings as Jeffery stops to kiss Michelle on the cheek.

JEFFERY ALLEN

You're an angel.

MICHELLE

See you next week?

Jeffery and Chris walk towards the front door.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Absolutely.

Chris opens the front door to find Tompkins and his wife Alicia (black, late 20s) holding bottles of wine.

Chris and Michelle push through an awkward moment of friendly introductions before Michelle grabs Alicia and escorts her to the kitchen leaving the men alone.

CHRIS ALLEN

Terrell, Uncle Jeffery's in robbery. He's heading up the investigation of that bank crew Sergeant Nelson briefed us about the other day.

TOMPKINS

I remember. How's that going?

JEFFERY ALLEN

Not good. I'm having to chase every damn lead we get.

CHRIS ALLEN

Cast a wide net, you're bound to catch something. Right?

Jeffery gives Chris a strong hug and Tompkins a strong handshake and crosses the yard towards his car.

Tompkins follows Chris towards the kitchen gazing at the pictures hanging from the walls.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He stops in front of a large frame containing a silver star, a unit crest, several rows of ribbons, captain's bars, and a picture of Chris on top of a mountain in Afghanistan with friends.

TOMPKINS

You never mentioned you were in the service?

CHRIS ALLEN

Army. 101st Airborne.

Tompkins peers at Chris staring reverentially at the collage before taking in the other photos.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

Get you a beer?

EXT. CHRIS ALLEN'S BACK YARD - NIGHT

The two couples sit around a deck table. Dirty plates, beer bottles, wine glasses, and a baby speaker rest in front of them. Chris, Alicia, and Michelle are caught up in light-hearted conversation. Tompkins watches them quietly.

A moment later Michelle leans into Alicia to get a look at her new diamond earrings.

CHRIS ALLEN

(to Tompkins)

The ribs were awful, weren't they?

TOMPKINS

What'd you rub them in? Kimchi?
They're gonna burn my ass for weeks.

Chris laughs heartily as Alicia and Michelle stand up to clear the table. The men stand to offer the ladies help.

MICHELLE

You two sit back down. We need time to talk behind your backs.

Michelle winks at Chris and kisses him gently on the lips as she leans in to grab his plate. The two watch the ladies move inside and shuffle around the kitchen.

CHRIS ALLEN

I want to apologize for the way things have gotten off.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMPKINS

I ain't accepting apologies.
There ain't a need.

CHRIS ALLEN

I lost my head. I know better.
It's just the Army, the war, it
all came so natural to me. I've
been out just over three years and
nothing I do feels right. I keep
looking for something that brings
it back, but I can't shake the
feeling I might not be as good at
anything else.

TOMPKINS

What we do, it's like the war.
They don't want us there, and
apart from us, no one else gives a
damn.

CHRIS ALLEN

I'm beyond asking for thanks.
It's that sense of purpose I want.

TOMPKINS

Get over yourself, Chris. Stop
thinking about how good you're
doing your job and focus on the
good your job is doing. You'll
find your purpose.

Chris laughs to himself and painfully nods at the truth.

CHRIS ALLEN

I watch the way you interact.
Hell, the way you walk. Everyone
really responds to you.

TOMPKINS

The streets here ain't any
different from Baghdad.
Motherfuckers are like weeds. One
gets killed and two more pop up.
It's just here, they don't use
religion as their excuse. These
people got the anger of Ahab in
them, and they'll push you because
they don't give a fuck. Treat
them the way you'd want to be
treated by them, and they'll
respect you.

CHRIS ALLEN

There's the rub, huh?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMPKINS

That, and accept the fact you're a little fucked up. Because the kind of man that chooses to do what we do everyday has got to be a little crazy to begin with.

They turn their attention to the window. Michelle enters the kitchen with Tabitha and hands her to Alicia.

CHRIS ALLEN

I'm glad you guys came.

INT. MECHANICS GARAGE - DAY

Jeffery Allen and Lanier walk into a car garage. Dozens of toolboxes, oil drums, and rags lie about the room.

A pair of legs stick out from under a white, tricked out, 1968 El Camino. Jeffery reaches down and tugs on both legs. TOMMY SANDERS (20s) slides on a roller out from under the car. He's tall and skinny and decorated with ink. He has eyeballs tattooed on his eyelids giving him an even creepier presence.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Tommy Sanders. You rang for me?

TOMMY

Detective Allen. Long time no see. Can I call you Jeff?

JEFFERY ALLEN

No you may not. You've gotten more colorful.

TOMMY

I quit using my veins and started using my brains. It's how I express myself.

JEFFERY ALLEN

That's cute Tommy. What do you have for me?

TOMMY

Heard you're looking for the crew that hit the Sun Trust on Friday.

JEFFERY ALLEN

I am.

TOMMY

I heard there's a nice retainer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFERY ALLEN

Five grand if it leads to an arrest. You know who they are?

TOMMY

No one knows for sure. I've heard everything from Colombians mercs to a squad of badass Chinese Triad bitches. I ain't never seen anything like it. And you know I'm plugged in.

Jeffery motions Lanier towards the door.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

Hold up, Detective Allen. I've been picking up shifts down at The Foundation. Last night these girls come in all fucked up and I overhear one of them talking shit about her boyfriend. He's a cock-sucker this, a shady-prick that. She says he came home last Friday with over a hundred grand. He gets high and she asks him how he got it and he makes some joke about robbing a bank. Says he's got a closet full of fake ID's and shit.

JEFFERY ALLEN

What's this girl's name?

Tommy pulls out his wallet and hands a copy of Leah's number to Lanier.

TOMMY

Leah something. She's a model. All I know about her is that she's fucked just about anyone who's ever snapped her picture.

JEFFERY ALLEN

How do you know her boy's not just some dealer?

TOMMY

Because she asked me if I was holding anything I could sell.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Are you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOMMY

No. I'm clean. I told her I was getting some gear though. Thought I might try and get a blow job or something out of it.

JEFFERY ALLEN

I don't know how you find your dick with those cartoons all over you.

LANIER

I'll get her info.

JEFFERY ALLEN

And get surveillance rolling. Let's find out who her boyfriend is. There's always a sting of truth in a joke.

(to Tommy)

Set up a deal with her and call me. Until then, if you hear of anything-

TOMMY

-My eyes are always open, boss. I don't sleep.

Tommy blinks his eyes slowly, showing off the eyeball tattoos on his eyelids.

INT. HOLE IN THE WALL BAR, HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Tompkins sits alone at the bar drinking a beer. Two other couples occupy bench booths. Gabriel enters and grabs a seat next to Tompkins. The bartender arrives and Gabriel points to Tompkins's beer.

Tompkins turns his stare to Gabriel, who looks like he hasn't slept or eaten in days.

The bartender drops off his drinks.

TOMPKINS

What do you want? You know we ain't supposed to meet outside business.

GABRIEL

I know. This is business.

Tompkins shakes his head disapprovingly.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I just want to talk to you for a minute. Okay?

TOMPKINS

Talk.

GABRIEL

I feel like things are getting way out of control.

TOMPKINS

I don't give a fuck about your feelings. You need to just chill the fuck out. We've got this shit under control.

GABRIEL

I'm not talking about robbing some bank, Terrell.

TOMPKINS

I know what you're talking about.

GABRIEL

We're planning a murder, of our own for Christ's sake.

TOMPKINS

Shut the fuck up!

Tompkins looks around the room to make sure no one heard.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

What's the matter with you? Huh?
Our own?

Gabriel takes a long drink from his beer.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

When's the last time you slept?

GABRIEL

You guys all think I'm a big fucking joke. No one listens to me unless I have a punch-line.

Tompkins takes a drink and gives his full attention.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

When I shot that security guard in Van Nuys, the ground moved under my feet like it was breaking apart.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

All the blood rushed to my head
and everything burst inside me
before she even hit the ground.

TOMPKINS

We all agreed to put that behind
us a long time ago.

GABRIEL

I didn't! I didn't agree to that.

Tompkins peers around the room again and calmly rises.
Gabriel pulls him back down onto the stool.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

You ever shot anyone. Ever used
your pistol in the line of duty?

Tompkins snaps his arm away. Gabriel holds up his index
finger and pulls on an imaginary trigger.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

One gentle little squeeze can
stand the world on its head.

TOMPKINS

Then what are you worried about?
It ain't gonna be your finger.

GABRIEL

This blood is on all our hands,
just like that guard. We'll never
get it off if we do this. It's
gonna stain us forever. I fucking
know.

TOMPKINS

You know shit.

Tompkins shoves his stool back and throws down some cash.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

This one's on me. You look like a
tweaker. You need to get yourself
straightened out.

GABRIEL

We don't want to do this, Terrell.
It's written all over your face.

TOMPKINS

We're done, and done.

EXT. PAY PHONE, STREET, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Tompkins's eyes comb the street as he dials a number and waits.

TOMPKINS

(into phone)

It's Terrell. Just had a drink with Gabe. He said he wanted to talk business but he ain't acting right. He's tripping about the 999. I thought you should know.

INT. LOBBY, W HOTEL, HOLLYWOOD - NIGHT

Michael sits with a cell to his ear in a lush leather chair. Across from him sits an elegantly dressed Brett.

MICHAEL

Alright. I'll work it out. Do me a favor and keep this between us.

He hangs up the phone and slides it into his coat. He stares momentarily through Brett.

BRETT

Everything okay?

Michael forces a smile.

INT. LAPD STATION, INDOOR FIRING RANGE - DAY

Chris and several other members of GED stand in front of their respective targets - pictures of bangers, thieves, and terrorists. A buzzer sounds and they quickly draw pistols from their holsters and commence firing.

The buzzer sounds again the pistols are holstered. The targets move down the lane towards the officers.

Tompkins walks in and examines Chris's target, a picture of Osama Bin Laden: four rounds to the head, six to the heart, and two into the paper target's crotch. Tompkins points to the two at the crotch; Chris smiles and shrugs.

TOMPKINS

Grab a few of the guys and meet me in the briefing room.

INT. LAPD STATION, GANG SQUAD HQ - DAY

Tompkins, Chris, Smith, Gomez, and three other members of GED huddle around a table staring at mug shots of LAMICHAEL MCCOY (black, 25).

TOMPKINS

This is LaMichael 'Midtown' McCoy, twenty-five. I got a call from a reliable CI this morning that said he's connected to the Darious Irving drive-by last week. This motherfucker's hard-core. His jacket bleeds violent offenses. He's got four warrants out and this morning the dumb motherfucker showed up at his mama's house.

Tompkins looks up to Chris.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

You up to take lead on this?

CHRIS ALLEN

Does the Pope shit in the woods?

EXT. LAMICHAEL MCCOY'S HOUSE, SOUTH CENTRAL NEIGHBORHOOD - DAY

Chris, Tompkins, and the rest move tactically down the street from three unmarked GED vehicles. Chris is in sharp command of the group as they reach the home. He sends three officers down the side of the house towards the back and motions Tompkins, Gomez, Smith to follow.

He leads them over the chain link fence and into the front yard. Suddenly, glass from a window in the front of the house shatters. The curtain hanging behind it spits in the air as rounds from an automatic rifle rip through it, setting it ablaze.

The dirt and grass around Chris, Tompkins, and the other officers' feet shred apart as they sprint towards the safety of the porch. Tompkins stumbles, but is pulled up by Chris who turns quickly around to help him. Chris calmly raises his pistol and returns fire as they reach the front door.

Chris motions Gomez forward to breach the door as the rounds coming from inside move through the thin walls towards them. Gomez kicks the door off the hinges.

INT. LAMICHAEL MCCOY'S HOUSE - DAY

Chris is first in as they move through the living room and down a hallway. McCoy runs, shooting behind him as he sprints into the master bedroom and slams the door.

Chris and Tompkins follow quickly. Smith and Gomez move methodically behind, ensuring the other rooms are clear.

Tompkins kicks open the door to the bedroom and trips into the wall. Chris moves in to find McCoy loading a new magazine into his MAC 10. McCoy looks up and meets his eyes. The two square off, frozen in an intense pause.

Tompkins looks up, but his view of McCoy is obstructed. He watches as Chris squeezes off three well aimed rounds.

EXT. LAMICHAEL MCCOY'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - EVENING

A large contingent of police officers and medical teams move about the house. Police barricades, tape, and evidence flags are everywhere. Neighborhood folks have gathered outside the fence and watch curiously.

Tompkins and Chris stand in the yard speaking with a SUITED OFFICER. Tompkins notices DeShaun Miller down the street moving towards the crowd and excuses himself.

EMS push a gurney carrying McCoy's body from the house. Miller tries to fight his way through the crowd and the officers expanding the perimeter.

DESHAUN MILLER

Who is that!? Who'd they kill!?

The gurney moves past Chris, who stares at the body as it moves down the barricaded path towards the ambulance. His eyes move toward the crowd and lock, yet again, with the unnerving stare of Miller.

INT. IRISH PUB - NIGHT

Chris, Tompkins, Gomez, Smith, and half a dozen other officers from the GED sit at a long table drinking pitchers of beer. The mood is neither celebratory nor somber. After a day like today, they find each other's company is the easiest to tolerate.

Tompkins and Chris sit at the end of the table talking quietly. Both are drunk, but not completely incoherent.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS ALLEN

Those rounds were creeping right up your ass.

TOMPKINS

I've seen worse. I bet you thought these days were behind you.

Chris laughs and shakes his head.

CHRIS ALLEN

You know, the first real fire-fight I ever got into lasted just a bit longer than today. I froze in my boots. I could see everything happening in front of me and my brain's talking but my body's not responding. Because running towards someone shooting at you goes against all your born instincts. I don't even remember hearing a single shot during the whole thing.

TOMPKINS

You definitely heard that shit today.

CHRIS ALLEN

I loved the war. It was the happiest I've ever been. My old battalion commander used to pass out a unit coin for every confirmed insurgent we killed. I've got a heavy box full of them at home. We used to celebrate killing those motherfuckers.

TOMPKINS

Of course you did, it was your job. You did it well.

CHRIS ALLEN

But I think about that kid today and I don't feel like celebrating. I certainly don't feel sorry. I just don't feel a damn thing.

TOMPKINS

You've got the numbness. Harness it. Be thankful you have it. It's your guard against all the shit out here.

Chris pushes back his chair and stands.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS ALLEN

I don't want to be numb. Like you
said, I want to feel good about
what we do.

Tompkins watches Chris walk to the bathroom. He rubs his
drunk, conflicted face and takes a long drink from his
beer as Michelle enters the pub. She searches the bar
with her eyes before finally recognizing him.

Tompkins stands and holds out his hand to her. She
ignores it and wraps her arms around him tightly.

MICHELLE

Are you guys okay?

TOMPKINS

Yeah. We're good.

MICHELLE

Where's Chris?

TOMPKINS

Bathroom. He'll be right out.

MICHELLE

Thanks for looking out for him.

Tompkins shakes his head and forces a smile.

TOMPKINS

He don't need looking after.

She nods to the table and smiles back.

MICHELLE

Chris hasn't had any sort of
camaraderie like this in a long
time. He thrives on it.

TOMPKINS

It's a good group.

MICHELLE

He really looks up to you. I can
tell because he rarely looks up to
anyone.

He nods to Chris arriving back from the bathroom. Chris
puts his arms tightly around Michelle's waist and kisses
her cheek.

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

Do you want to stay for another
beer?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

CHRIS ALLEN

I want to see the kids. Maybe
another time.

INT. MICHAEL'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Michael rests against the headboard of his bed. Brett lies next to him picking buds from a small bag of weed and laying them onto a sheet of cigarette paper. She is naked under a silk robe that accentuates her soft curves. Michael studies her body.

MICHAEL

I believe I'm addicted to you.
I'm always in control. Always.
People normally do what I tell
them, but when I lay here, all I
want is to satisfy you. It's
unfamiliar to me. I can't explain
it.

She smiles and licks the joint, rolling it tight.

BRETT

Is that why you've never married.

She hands him the joint as she rolls off the bed. He reaches to the night stand for a zippo.

MICHAEL

No. I just never felt like I had
the time. And I hate
complications.

He watches her as she laughs and rolls out of bed.

BRETT

That's a horrible reason.

MICHAEL

Why? Do you want to marry me?

BRETT

You keep indulging me like you do
and I just may.

MICHAEL

I enjoy pleasing you. I'm happy
to do it.

Michael watches her disrobe and dress.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'm going to be moving soon for work.

BRETT

No. Really? Where?

MICHAEL

Paris.

BRETT

I love Paris.

MICHAEL

Why don't you come with me?

BRETT

I can't just move away with you.

MICHAEL

I'm serious. I've got more than enough put away for the two of us. You won't have to work.

BRETT

It's impossible.

MICHAEL

I'm not asking you to love me.

BRETT

Neither do my other clients when they ask me the same thing.

She grabs his wallet from atop the dresser and crawls onto the bed towards him.

BRETT (CONT'D)

If you didn't have to pay, you wouldn't want me anymore. Then where would I be? You're a good man, Mike. You could have anyone.

He pulls out a stack of one-hundred dollar bills and hands it to her.

BRETT (CONT'D)

It's too much.

MICHAEL

I'm happy to do it.

She takes the cash and leans into him. She grabs him by the back of the neck and kisses him slow and deep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

BRETT

Send me a ticket. I'll come visit
for a week.

He watches as she crawls from the bed, grabs her purse,
and makes her way towards the door.

INT. BICYCLE SHOP - NIGHT

Jeffery Allen sneaks into the room quietly behind Lanier,
and Payton, who lie behind cameras and surveillance gear
in the back of dark bicycle shop.

JEFFERY ALLEN

What are you cock-smokers looking
at?

With their optics they look through the store, across the
street, and into the window of a wine bar at Gabriel and
Leah who talk quietly at a table.

Leah cries and slides Gabriel's hands towards her.

JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

I'm assuming that's the boyfriend?

PAYTON

That'd be my first guess.

LANIER

He don't look like a photographer.

Payton takes pictures of them.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Let's get on it. I want to know
his name, where he shits, where he
sleeps. I want to know everything
about him. Keep a tail on both.
Hopefully they'll stay together.

Jeffery watches Leah lean over the table to kiss a
despondent Gabriel.

JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

That's a good looking woman. If
you're lucky, maybe you'll catch
some good make-up fucking.

Jeffery pats them both on the shoulder and leaves.

INT. JEFFERY ALLEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jeffery Allen drives through Hollywood glancing at the dirty streets. The bright lights of Los Angeles shine on his hood and reflect off his windshield. He pulls out a flask and takes a long drink.

INT. JEFFERY ALLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Jeffery Allen pours himself a fresh glass of Scotch.

He stumbles through his living room and falls into an old couch. He stares at a picture of a woman framed on the table beside him (it's presumably his dead wife, Emily).

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

A cell phone on the bedside table next to Chris rings. He jumps with a startle before picking it up.

CHRIS ALLEN

Uncle Jeff. Everything okay?

INT. JEFFERY ALLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A clock on the wall reads 1:45 am.

JEFFERY ALLEN

I didn't realize the time. Sorry.

CHRIS ALLEN (O.S.)

It's okay. What's the matter?

JEFFERY ALLEN

Nothing. I just wanted to call and tell you how proud I am of you. For what you did today.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - NIGHT

Chris takes a deep breath.

CHRIS ALLEN

I'm not sure there's anything to be proud of.

JEFFERY ALLEN (O.S.)

The hell there ain't. When's the review?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS ALLEN

Tomorrow. Listen, I don't want to wake Michelle.

INT. JEFFERY ALLEN'S HOUSE - NIGHT

JEFFERY ALLEN

I wouldn't worry over it.

CHRIS ALLEN (O.S.)

Can we talk about this in the morning?

Jeffery's eyes water, but don't move from the picture on the table. He opens his mouth, but no words come out.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, BEDROOM

CHRIS ALLEN

Thanks for the call. Get some sleep, Uncle Jeff.

Chris hangs up the phone and looks down at Michelle.

MICHELLE

How's Uncle Jeff?

CHRIS ALLEN

He's lonely.

EXT. PARK BENCH, DOWNTOWN, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Lustick sits on a bench in a park overlooking downtown. He's reads an Israeli newspaper and eats shelled peanuts whole. Michael approaches the bench with a cup of coffee, looking for Shabot and Feldman or anyone who may be watching before taking a seat next to Lustick.

LUSTICK

How are the preparations coming?

MICHAEL

We're on track.

LUSTICK

What's your plan?

MICHAEL

This job started on a need to know, let's just keep it that way.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUSTICK

I'll remind that your crew broke
that protocol.

He offers Michael some peanuts before folding up the bag.
He pulls out hand wipe from his pocket, tears it open,
and cleans his fingers.

LUSTICK (CONT'D)

The truck arrives tonight. The
package is only here for twenty-
four hours and then it ships.

MICHAEL

Alright.

LUSTICK

Do you have everything you need?

MICHAEL

I want your word this squares us.

LUSTICK

We meet one more time after this.
How that goes is up to you, my
friend.

Michael frowns and walks off in the direction he came.

INT. MICHAEL'S BMW - DAY

Michael drives cautiously down the freeway when one of
three cell phones he's carrying rings.

MICHAEL

Yeah.

INT. MOM AND POP'S COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Welch stands beside the cash register speaking quietly
into a land line phone on the counter. A married, middle-
aged couple tend to their customers. The woman looks
over at him and the badge swinging around his neck. She
sneaks a flirtatious smile.

WELCH

It's me. Bad news. Gabriel's
under surveillance. They've got
people on him right now.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

How did this happen?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WELCH

Leah. She talked to some perp who talked to the kid's uncle.

INT. MICHAEL'S BMW

MICHAEL

I fucking knew this would happen. Are they on me?

WELCH (O.S.)

Not at the moment, but I'm sure the check's in the mail.

MICHAEL

I'll handle it. We prep tonight. Tell the others.

Michael hangs up the phone and abruptly pulls off the highway and parks the car on a random street. He breaks the phone in half and tosses it into a trash can. He looks around and takes a deep, deciding breath.

INT. LAPD INTERNAL AFFAIRS CONFERENCE ROOM, - DAY

Chris sits in a chair facing a panel of two unseen IA DETECTIVES. Dressed in civilian clothes, his sharp blue eyes move around the panel. Tompkins stands behind Chris in the back of the room leaning against the wall.

IA DETECTIVE #1 (O.S.)

In light of the overwhelming evidence and testimony by Officer Tompkins detailing your exemplary actions, I see no reason for you to concern yourself any further.

CHRIS ALLEN

That's great news. When can I expect a formal decision?

IA DETECTIVE #2 (O.S.)

There will be a ceremonious investigation to appease the paper chaser, but you'll have a formal decision in a couple of weeks.

IA DETECTIVE #1

If I were you, I'd just put it all behind me starting now. You did the world a favor killing that piece of shit.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IA DETECTIVE #1 (CONT'D)

If this was the Army, we'd be giving you a Silver-Fucking-Star with a V device. We all have your back.

TOMPKINS

That's right, sir.

Chris stares at them a beat, and nods to the officers.

CHRIS ALLEN

I appreciate that, sir.

INT. LAPD, HALLWAY OUTSIDE OF CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Chris follows Tompkins down the hallway.

CHRIS ALLEN

Thanks for everything, Terrell.

TOMPKINS

No problem.

CHRIS ALLEN

What's the plan for today?

TOMPKINS

The plan is you go home and spend the rest of the day with your family.

CHRIS ALLEN

It's no problem. I'm good to go.

TOMPKINS

The streets ain't going nowhere, Superfly. And neither are you.

Chris eyes Tompkins with a hint of disappointment.

TOMPKINS (CONT'D)

What? I got a dick on my forehead?

Chris laughs and shakes his head.

CHRIS ALLEN

Alright. I'll see you tomorrow.

Chris offers his hand to Tompkins.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

Thanks, again.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMPKINS

We do what we have to do.

Tompkins watches him go for a moment, takes a deep breath, and moves the badge hanging from his neck and hides it under his shirt.

INT. SUBWAY HUB, DOWNTOWN, LOS ANGELES - DAY

Michael sits on an empty bench watching the dark tunnel get brighter as a train approaches. It stops and Gabriel steps out. Michael walks towards him and they meet next to some vending machines in the middle.

MICHAEL

Positive you weren't followed.

Gabriel looks around frightened.

GABRIEL

No. How are they onto me?

MICHAEL

Because you ran your fucking mouth to Leah and she talked to someone.

GABRIEL

Bullshit.

MICHAEL

It's the truth. What does she know?

GABRIEL

Nothing.

Michael grabs him forcefully by the neck and lunges him into a vending machine.

MICHAEL

What did you tell her!?

GABRIEL

Nothing! She doesn't know a fucking thing. I swear.

MICHAEL

You're high all the time. You wouldn't remember if you did. I saw this coming. I didn't stop it when I should've.

Michael looks around to make sure no one is watching them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

If you weren't my brother...

Michael looks sternly at Gabriel considering all possibilities.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

I'll see to it you get your cut,
but you're out.

GABRIEL

I don't want it. I don't want any
part of killing this cop.

Gabriel's eyes fill with tears.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

I never wanted it from the
beginning, but it didn't matter to
anyone what I thought.

MICHAEL

Because you're fucked up, and
you've been fucked since you
started with that girl!

GABRIEL

It's not her fault! It was me.
We're in this because I opened
that fucking box! Christ help me,
I looked inside. I don't know
why. I just did. Don't kill this
kid because I fucked up. I'm
begging you.

Michael holds him upright by his shoulders.

GABRIEL (CONT'D)

Please, Mike. I'm so scared. I'm
scared of Lustick, and the
guys...and you.

MICHAEL

Me? I'm always going to look
after you. I always have.

GABRIEL

Then please don't do this.

MICHAEL

Don't worry about it anymore.
It's over for you. Okay?

Gabriel cries in his arms.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Pull yourself together. I need you to get as far away as possible. Will you do that?

GABRIEL

Okay. Whatever you say.

MICHAEL

I want you to drive around until they get the tail back on you, and then you lead them out of town. Drive to Vegas. Hold up there until I come for you.

Gabriel wipes his eyes shamefully.

GABRIEL

You won't do anything to Leah, right?

MICHAEL

Do you trust me?

Gabriel nods.

GABRIEL

I'm sorry, Mike.

Michael offers a brotherly nod before he takes off towards the exit, leaving Gabriel standing there alone.

EXT. COFFEE STOP, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

Jeffery garnishes his coffee as Ling and Payton drive up. He walks over to meet them in the parking lot.

LANIER

We lost him for a few hours.

JEFFERY ALLEN

What?

PAYTON

He ducked into the subway. He made three random connections and we lost him on the fourth. But we just picked him back up about twenty minutes ago.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Where is he now?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON

At his house.

JEFFERY ALLEN

So we don't know who he saw or spoke with for the better part of the morning.

LANIER

And his movement patterns indicate he's aware we're on him.

Payton's phone rings. He hands it to Jeffery.

JEFFERY ALLEN

(into phone)

Yeah.

INT. LAPD, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - DAY

Ling sits at her desks working.

LING

His full name is Gabriel Reese Martin. Twenty-nine years old. He served three years with the LAPD and racked up a slew of reprimands before finally getting dismissed for substance abuse. No arrests since. Not even a history of employment.

JEFFERY ALLEN (O.S.)

Any known associates.

LING

Not on file.

EXT. COFFEE STOP, DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DAY

JEFFERY ALLEN

(into phone)

If he knows he has a tail and deliberately burns us, he's got something going. Find out who his old partners were. See if they can shed some light if they're not crooked themselves.

He hangs up the phone and hands it back to Payton.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PAYTON

Are we putting all our eggs in one basket here, Jeff?

JEFFERY ALLEN

I've seen hundreds of cases go unsolved over the years because detectives dismissed their instincts when they should've followed them. So we'll just call it intuition.

LANIER

Or desperation.

Jeffery glances coldly at Lanier.

INT. GABRIEL'S HOUSE, LAUREL CANYON - NIGHT

Gabriel sits on his couch in the dark living room. On the coffee table rests half a bottle of bourbon, some cocaine, and cigarettes. A packed bag sits beside the table. Sweat lines his scalp and dots his tee shirt. His knees shake as he contemplates his next move.

INT. WAREHOUSE - NIGHT

Work areas have been set up around the pool table. Supplies and gear are littered around the room.

Michael and Rodriguez build an explosive device, carefully handling the material seen earlier. They roll the device and place it into a gym bag.

Welch inspects the radio gear. He changes out the batteries and conducts radio checks with Tompkins. He arranges all of it tactically on a load bearing vest.

Tompkins inspects a table full of firearms and rigs a handful of smoke grenades to a vest.

The four men walk through the interior model discussing last minute plans. They load their gear into a long, white van parked just inside the warehouse door.

INT. MICHAEL'S BMW, STREETS - NIGHT

Michael drives closely behind another sedan. Tompkins sits quietly in the passenger seat staring out the window.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The sedan in front of them pulls into an empty lot and parks. Welch and Rodriguez get out and jump in the BMW.

INT. MICHAEL'S BMW, STREET, NEAR INDUSTRIAL VILLAGE - NIGHT

A heavy fog thickens the air, muffling sounds of the neighborhood, adding a soft filter to the glow of lights. Michael and the others stare down the street at the DHS building. A large, unmarked truck arrives and backs up into a loading dock.

Tompkins looks at his watch and rubs his eyes.

WELCH

Terrell?

Tompkins turns around slowly. Welch studies his face for a moment before he turns back. Rodriguez and Michael lock eyes in the rearview.

RODRIGUEZ

It's a calm night.

Michael starts the car, rolling up his window as they drive away.

INT. GABRIEL'S CAR - NIGHT

The window of Gabriel's car rises to a crack as he lights a cigarette. The flame illuminates up his tense, pulled face. He rubs his eyes and shakes his head violently, doing his best to focus and remain coherent. He looks into his rearview mirror searching for his tail.

INT. UNMARKED CRUISER - NIGHT

Payton drives a few cars behind Gabriel. Bright ashes from Gabriel's cigarette flicker from his window.

INT. LAPD CHOPPER, OVERHEAD - NIGHT

Ling sits in the passenger seat of the cockpit staring down at the Interstate. She wears a radio headset.

LING

(into microphone)

We've got air and ground mobile units on him.

INT. JEFFERY ALLEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jeffery sits in his car watching an empty store parking lot. Smoke rises from the driver's side window of a tricked out El Camino.

JEFFERY ALLEN
(into radio)
Where's he headed?

LING (O.S.)
East on the ten, but he's been
driving in circles for an hour.

JEFFERY ALLEN
He's throwing us off scent. He
wants us to tail him. I want to
know the second he stops. And
don't lose him, Ling.

Jeffery hangs up the microphone as a white Lexus SUV pulls into the parking lot.

EXT. EMPTY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tommy waves from his El Camino and smiles at Leah as she pulls her vehicle next to his. She lowers her window and smiles. Her hair is up and her face is clean of make-up.

TOMMY
Hey, gorgeous.

LEAH
I'm glad you called. I was
running out of options.

TOMMY
Damn. You're even prettier
without all them tacky bar lights.
They're supposed to make everybody
look beautiful.

She flashes a practiced smile and rolls her eyes.

INT. JEFFERY ALLEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jeffery watches the scene, growing impatient by the second.

JEFFERY ALLEN
(to himself)
He's trying to fuck her...the
shithead. Just sell her the bag!

EXT. EMPTY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tommy reaches inside his coat pocket and pulls out a zip lock baggy. He holds it outside the window and shakes it.

TOMMY

Ta-dah. I don't live too far from here. We can get high at my place, watch them Kardashian bitches act a fool or something.

LEAH

Sorry. I can't. I'm meeting some people. That's a quarter, right?

She reaches into her purse and pulls out some folded cash. She reaches out for the bag, money in hand.

INT. JEFFERY ALLEN'S CAR - NIGHT

Jeffery holds a wireless radio up to his mouth.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Let's go.

EXT. EMPTY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Tommy grabs hold of her wrist as she tries to pull away with the bag.

TOMMY

You sure? We can negotiate the currency. Know what I'm saying?

Leah's eyes widen to the sound of tires screeching as Jeffery flies over the curb of the parking lot, pulling his cruiser within a few feet of their vehicles. Lanier arrives simultaneously from the other direction.

Leah drops the money and the bag and immediately raises her hands. Jeffery and Lanier jump from their cruisers with pistols and badges drawn.

TOMMY (CONT'D)

What the fuck, bitch! You set me up?

JEFFERY ALLEN

Both of you, out of the cars slowly. Hands above your head.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tommy beats them to the punch. He exaggerates all of his movements and moans to sell the scene. Lanier grabs him by the wrists and slams him down hard onto the hood.

TOMMY

I know my fucking rights, man. I want my phone call.

Lanier cuffs and ushers him to the back of his cruiser as Tommy wiggles and curses.

LANIER

A bit much, don't you think?

Lanier slams the door as Tommy slings muffled insults.

Jeffery cuffs Leah whose eyes have filled with tears. He waves the cash and bag of dope in front of her face.

JEFFERY ALLEN

You're way to pretty to be messing with this, Leah.

Her face goes white at the sound of her name.

JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

This can go two ways for you. Cooperate by answering every question I ask you thoroughly, or we arrest you and your publicist announces you're going into rehab earlier than she'd planned.

LEAH

The first one. Whatever you want to know. I swear to God.

Jeffery motions for Lanier to drive Tommy away. Tommy smiles at Jeffery, obviously very pleased with himself.

INT. GABRIEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Gabriel drives through a neighborhood searching the mailboxes for addresses. He slows as he finds the one he's looking for and parks directly across the street.

He watches as Payton drives past him slowly and turns at the next intersection.

EXT. EMPTY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Jeffery dials his cell phone as Leah drives away. He spits onto the windshield of Tommy's El Camino and toys with the hood ornament.

JEFFERY ALLEN

(into his cell phone)

It's me. Leah says Gabriel has tons of suspicious shit in his house and she knows where he hides his cash. Start the warrant and we'll get in there to see if we can't find some unwashed bills that match up with any of the bank's. Gabriel runs with his half-brother, Michael Laird. She says he's pretty hard-core and something he's into has our boy spooked.

INT. LAPD, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - NIGHT

Lanier sits at the desk writing down Jeffery's orders. Tommy sits in a chair next to his desk being a nuisance.

JEFFERY ALLEN (O.S.)

The last time she saw Michael was a few days ago. Let's get eyes on him as soon as you get an address.

LANIER

Got it. Ling's been trying to get a hold of you. Gabriel stopped in a neighborhood in Highland Park. He's been sitting in his car for the last half hour in front of some house.

EXT. EMPTY STORE PARKING LOT - NIGHT

JEFFERY ALLEN

Highland Park. What's the address?

LANIER

806 Winflow Drive.

Jeffery races towards his car, his voice stressed with urgency.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Get Payton and whoever you can. Apprehend Gabriel right now!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANIER (O.S.)

Okay...why?

JEFFERY ALLEN

Just do it!

Jeffery speeds away as fast as he the cruiser will allow, searching for Chris's number on his phone.

The ornament on Tommy's El Camino hangs from the hood, broken.

EXT. GABRIEL'S CAR - NIGHT

Gabriel slowly gets out of his car. He stares down the street and up into the sky. The faint sound of a helicopter is heard.

He crosses the street and stands in the front lawn of Chris Allen's house. Through a window he watches as Michelle and Chris cook together in the kitchen.

He takes a couple of hesitant steps forward and stops. His focus is pulled from the window to distant headlights speeding his way. Payton's car reappears at the intersection.

Gabriel runs back into the street towards another house, jumps the fence into the backyard, and disappears into the dark.

INT. LAPD CHOPPER, OVERHEAD - NIGHT

Ling watches Gabriel disappear under a large area of trees. The helicopter flies around the area waiting for him to reappear, but he is gone.

EXT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - NIGHT

Jeffery Allen arrives moments later. Chris and Michelle stand in the front yard speaking with Payton. Across the street from them, several officers search Gabriel's car.

JEFFERY ALLEN

You guys okay?

Chris and Michelle are confused about the situation, but remain in a jovial mood.

CHRIS ALLEN

We're fine.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFERY ALLEN
(to Payton)
Any luck?

PAYTON
He's gone.

JEFFERY ALLEN
Son of a bitch!

He gives Payton a stone cold look.

CHRIS ALLEN
(to Michelle)
Would you mind grabbing Uncle Jeff
some water?

Michelle smiles at Jeffery and moves towards the house.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)
Who is this guy?

JEFFERY ALLEN
Gabriel Martin. Does that name
ring a bell?

CHRIS ALLEN
Never heard that name in my life.
Is he dangerous?

JEFFERY ALLEN
Very. He was a cop and now I
think he's a part of the crew
we're investigating.

PAYTON
Can you think of any reason why
he'd come here?

Chris shakes his head.

PAYTON (CONT'D)
Have any enemies?

CHRIS ALLEN
None that don't end with the name
Abdullah or Mohammed.

Jeffery gives Payton a look to which he excuses himself.

JEFFERY ALLEN
Chris, seriously, if you're in
some kind of trouble, tell me now
and we'll figure it out together.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

CHRIS ALLEN

Come on, Uncle Jeff. The guy went to the wrong address. He was looking for someone else, saw us in the window, and freaked when he heard your guys coming.

Jeffery looks hard at Chris. Michelle reappears at the door and walks towards them with a glass of ice water.

JEFFERY ALLEN

When I heard your address on the net, I...I don't know what I'd do.

He takes the water from Michelle who puts an arm around his waist. Jeffery's phone rings. He excuses himself and walks to the edge of the yard.

JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yeah?

INT. LAPD, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - NIGHT

Lanier sits in the same spot as before. A hot cup of coffee steams in front of him. Tommy stands at a dry erase board drawing a cartoon picture of naked woman.

LANIER

Michael Laird. Thirty-seven years old. Did twenty-eight months for armed robbery in the nineties, but no other convictions. But listen, he was set to be indicted in a grand jury probe of Richard Lustick in a big federal arms smuggling and laundering investigation a few years ago.

JEFFERY ALLEN (O.S.)

Lustick, from the Bay Area?

EXT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, FRONT YARD - NIGHT

LANIER (O.S.)

That's the one. The case was dropped after cutbacks and for lack of evidence. Nothing sticks on this guy, but word around the fire is Lustick hasn't slowed much.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFERY ALLEN
Sounds political.

LANIER (O.S.)
And, Jeffery...he's in town.

Jeffery takes a drink and holds up the glass of ice water to a light. Tiny sediments float at the top. A piece of ice cracks and shifts the balance of cubes.

INT. LAPD, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - NIGHT

Lanier peers at Tommy and rolls his eyes.

LANIER
The captain wants Lustick. He's already detailed us a few more bodies. We'll get on top of it.

JEFFERY ALLEN (O.S.)
Keep me posted.

Lanier hangs up and turns to Tommy.

LANIER
How does one like yourself become such a piece of shit?

Tommy points to the picture he's been drawing.

TOMMY
What? You don't like it?

EXT. LAPD CHOPPER, OVERHEAD - NIGHT

Ling looks down on the scene. Jeffery follows Chris and Michelle inside the house. Officers guide a tow truck towards Gabriel's car. Payton drives away in his cruiser. The helicopter descends from the dark sky, sedately fading into the city lights below.

INT. WAREHOUSE - MORNING

Welch lifts open the warehouse door. He jumps into the white van and drives it away.

MICHAEL (O.S.)
I was twenty years old, living with my sister at the time. Gabe was living with our mom and her new drunkard.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Anyway, one day my sister, Layla comes home just beaten to complete hell.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE - MORNING

Chris and Michelle lie in bed with Tabitha in between them. Chris tickles her tummy and kisses her hands. He picks her up and lowers her to his face.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

She'd been seeing the manager at a bar she waitressed at and he caught wind she'd been turning some of her regulars...and she probably was. She was like that. Regardless, she didn't deserve the kind of beating he gave her.

INT. TOMPKIN'S HOUSE, BATHROOM - MORNING

Hot water runs in the shower behind Tompkins, who stands in front of the mirror. Alicia walks in and smiles warmly at him. She disrobes and steps into the shower as heavy steam clouds the mirror, slowly fogging away his reflection.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

So I waited until she was asleep and couldn't talk me out of it and I went over to the bar. I broke in through a window and found him passed out in the office.

INT. HOTEL ROOM - MORNING

Gabriel lies naked in the middle of the bed next to a tray of cocaine and a glass pipe. Besides the cherry of a cigarette resting between his lips, small slits between the curtains steal the only light.

His red eyes glow as he inhales the tobacco closer to the filter. A tall trail of ash sitting above the cherry breaks and spills onto his chest as he sits up.

MICHAEL (O.S.)

I woke him up with some scalding water and he confessed. He said he did it because he loved her and couldn't bear the thought of her arching her back under someone else for money.

INT. RESTAURANT, NORTH HOLLYWOOD - MORNING

Rodriguez sits across the table from Michael listening to his story over coffee, his badge dangling from his neck.

MICHAEL

He begged forgiveness and swore he'd never do it again, but I'd decided. I'd already atoned for it in my soul before I even set my mind to do it. I put my gun to his head and made him wash down a pill box of Xanax with a bottle of vodka. He'd throw up and I'd make him pick the pills out and swallow them again.

The front door to the restaurant swings open. Welch finds them instantly and joins them at the table.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

After a while he stopped crying about the things he never got to do and just fell asleep. I spent the better part of the morning watching him die without a single, resistant notion to save him. That was the first time I'd ever killed anyone. And I never thought at any point during that morning, nor any morning since, that the ends didn't justify the means.

Michael sips his coffee and stares at Rodriguez's badge.

WELCH

Gabriel's gone, Mike.
Surveillance lost him last night.

Michael nods as if he expected the news.

WELCH (CONT'D)

They're on Lustick now, and they're looking for you.

MICHAEL

They'll be looking for a long time after today.

INT. LAPD, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - MORNING

Jeffery Allen enters the office looking sleepless and haggard. Ling, Lanier, Payton, and two NEW DETECTIVES sit around their desks making small talk.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Have we found Gabriel Martin yet?

LING

No, sir. Still looking.

JEFFERY ALLEN

What about Michael Laird?

LANIER

Patrol went by his house. Besides a few pieces of furniture, it's empty. But I did get confirmation that he signed for a UPS package at his residence yesterday.

JEFFERY ALLEN

And Lustick?

PAYTON

He's at the Thompson Hotel under his own name.

Jeffery looks them over for a moment.

JEFFERY ALLEN

So what the hell are you all standing around for? Do you not feel it? Something big is about to happen and all I'm hearing is a bunch of 'I don't knows!' Get proactive and find these people! And get me something solid for fuck's sake!

Jeffery moves past them into his office and slams the door. The others look at one another with frustration.

EXT. STREET - DAY

Gabriel walks down a sidewalk staring at parked cars. He looks around to ensure no one is watching and jimmies open a Dodge Ram. He quickly hot wires the engine.

INT. LAPD STATION, GANG SQUAD HQ - DAY

Chris walks into the squad room and garners some handshakes and is the butt of a few jokes as he makes his way through the room. Tompkins watches him for a moment before he puts on his vest and approaches Chris.

TOMPKINS

I've got to roll to meet a CI.
I'll check in with you later.

CHRIS ALLEN

Give me a second to grab my gear.
I'll come along.

TOMPKINS

Nah. Stay here. Take another day
and chill.

CHRIS ALLEN

Fuck that. Don't baby me, man.
Big boy rules, right?

Tompkins takes a beat to look him over.

TOMPKINS

Suit yourself.

INT. CROWN VICTORIA - DAY

South Central Los Angeles is alive with crime and pain. Tompkins searches the faces of the people they pass, as if he's waiting for them to point and scream, 'Murderer!'

CHRIS ALLEN

You okay?

TOMPKINS

Yeah. Got some shit on my mind.

CHRIS ALLEN

Who's the CI?

Tompkins fumbles for an answer.

TOMPKINS

A pusher named Corey Dubose. He
claims the Center Park Bloods. He
normally calls me up when he hears
the Crips are moving shit.

CHRIS ALLEN

You trust him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOMPKINS

About as far as I can throw him.
But he's usually right.

Chris pulls out his Glock, inspects the magazine, reloads the pistol and puts it back into his holster. Tompkins watches him from the corner of his eyes.

INT. VAN - DAY

The van is parked inside Industrial Village, backed into a corner spot thirty meters from the front of the DHS building. Welch, Rodriguez, and Michael sit in the back of the van monitoring the police radio, staring through the black windows. Except for their balaclavas, they are geared up and ready to go.

EXT. PROJECTS - DAY

Tompkins parks the Crown Victoria a block down the street from a condemned apartment building. The glass in the windows is either completely gone or shattered. The doors hang on hinges and the plastered stucco walls are cracked and peeling and littered with graffiti. 806 Washington is spray painted over the front entrance.

Tompkins and Chris approach the building from a sidewalk running in front of the structure.

TOMPKINS

Go in through the back door and
clear out any squatters. I'll
meet you on the second floor.

Chris jogs towards the back as Tompkins slides through the decrepit front door. His feet crunch broken glass.

INT. PROJECTS - DAY

Chris draws his pistol and walks cautiously down the hallway checking out empty rooms.

Tompkins stands in front of a broken mirror in an empty bathroom on the other side of the building. He tries to calm himself. His lips and hands shake.

DeShaun Miller runs across an adjacent lot and sneaks in through a window of the building. He stops to listen as he pulls a chrome plated .357 revolver from his belt.

Tompkins pulls the glock from his holster, pushes the safety device to fire, and moves into the hallway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris moves into a wide, dark corridor. In the shadows, a dark figure exits an apartment and falls in behind him, moving slow and quiet. The figure is distorted in the darkness; it's unclear whether it's Tompkins or Miller. The arm of the figure raises a pistol towards Chris.

The eerie quiet is broken as Gabriel jumps into the hallway directly in front of Chris, surprising him.

GABRIEL

Run.

Chris follows Gabriel's focused eyes and turns to find the figure running towards them out of the darkness; it's Miller, gun held out firing. The flames from the end of the barrel light his face as he races towards them.

Chris jumps into the room Gabriel just appeared from. Gabriel pulls a pistol from his belt, but is hit by two rounds fired from Miller and drops to the ground.

CHRIS ALLEN

Tompkins! Tompkins!

Miller runs out of bullets before he reaches Chris. He turns and runs as Chris crawls around the corner and returns a few poorly aimed shots at Miller before he disappears.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

Tompkins! Hurry the fuck up!

Chris crawls across the hallway to Gabriel, who bleeds profusely from the neck and leg. He tries to warn Chris, but cannot make out the words. His body shakes and his eyes bulge as Chris tries to apply pressure to his neck to stop the bleeding.

Tompkins appears in the hallway running towards them, pistol at the low ready. He stops a few meters from Chris and is frozen by the sight of Gabriel.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

DeShaun Miller! He came out of nowhere and fired on us. I don't know who the fuck this guy is.

Tompkins stares at the pistol still gripped tightly in Gabriel's hand. Chris is focused on Gabriel's neck.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

Miller took off back down the hallway. Call it in. This guy's fucking dying.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Chris turns his head to Tompkins, whose eyes moves from Gabriel's to his. Tompkins's pistol aimed between them.

Chris looks down and sees the gun in Gabriel's hand. He removes his hands from the fleshy neck and slides himself back a foot.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

Ter-

Gabriel raises his pistol and fires simultaneously with Tompkins. Gabriel is hit in the chest and killed. Tompkins is hit in the hip and the side of the head.

Chris jumps at the sound of the gunshots echoing down the corridor. Tompkins leans into the wall and drops to the ground unconscious.

Chris sits momentarily paralyzed by the scene. He looks down and checks himself for blood. He jumps over Gabriel's body and pulls the gun from his dead fingers and slides over to Tompkins.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

Terrell! Terrell!

He checks his neck for a pulse before he finally reaches for the radio attached to his vest. He takes a deep, panicked breath.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

Charlie 254, 9-9-9!

DISPATCH (O.S.)

Charlie 254, copy 9-9-9. Where are you?

CHRIS ALLEN

Abandoned building on the corner of eighth and Washington. Roll Fire. My partner is down!

INT. VAN - DAY

Welch, Rodriguez, and Michael's eyes turn towards the radio as a distress signal beeps through the speakers for a couple of seconds.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

9-9-9! Eighth and Washington. All units 10-50 to channel Adam 13.

WELCH

There it is. He did it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

They pull down their balaclavas and make any gear adjustments.

DISPATCH (O.S.)
Units needed to secure sight and
evac officer to the street for
fire. We're gonna need to set up
an inner and outer perimeter.

The radio comes alive with replies from responding officers moving towards the call.

MICHAEL
Ready?

They charge their M4s and nod. Michael pushes open the back door and they run out towards the DHS building.

INT. LAPD, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - DAY

Lanier storms by the rest of the team in full sprint. He reaches Jeffery Allen's office out of breath.

LANIER
Jeff. Dispatch just received a
999.

JEFFERY ALLEN
And?

LANIER
It's Chris.

Jeffery jumps from his seat and fumbles to get his coat, gun, badge, and shoes on.

JEFFERY ALLEN
I want everyone.

Lanier runs out of the room to gather the others.
Jeffery sprints out of the office seconds later.

INT. DHS BUILDING - DAY

**** All dialogue spoken by Michael, Welch, and Rodriguez will be spoken in Spanish unless otherwise specified.***

Michael, Welch, and Rodriguez quickly enter the building, their assault rifles, equipped with suppressors, at the low ready. Two TSA GUARDS (man and woman) sit inside the door working the x-ray belt and metal detector station. They immediately stand and raise their arms in surrender.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rodriguez removes their weapons and zip ties their arms behind their backs. Michael zip ties the front door shut.

The three move down a hallway, pushing the security guards as they go, until they reach a glass covered atrium, with a fountain and lounge area in the middle. One side of the atrium is lined with deep offices, and the other a long courtesy desk managed by another guard. At the far side of the room rests the door to the vault.

Two more TSA guards chat with one another next to the vault door until they spot the crew moving towards them. One of the guards reaches for his pistol. Rodriguez fires on them, dropping both with two perfectly aimed shots to the chest.

MICHAEL

Keep moving!

The last security guard triggers the alarm before Michael drags him over the security desk. He flex cuffs his arms like the others, and grabs a set of keys and a door fob hanging on a d-ring from his belt loop.

Michael pushes the three guards into the fountain. Welch and Rodriguez drag the two dead in with them. Workers come out of their offices to check out the commotion.

INT. JEFFERY'S CAR - DAY

Jeffery and Lanier listen to the radio buzzing with nine-nine-nine chatter as Jeffery speeds through traffic. Ling, Payton, and two other officers from the detail follow closely behind them.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Who made the call? Chris or
Tompkins.

LANIER

I'm not sure.

JEFFERY ALLEN

So we don't know for sure if Chris
is down?

LANIER

I haven't heard one way or the
other.

EXT. PROJECTS - DAY

Chris lifts Tompkins over his shoulder and carries him from the building. He lays him down gently as possible. Blood has spilled all over Chris from his wounds.

CHRIS ALLEN

What the fuck is going on,
Terrell?

He pulls away Tompkins's vest and tears off his shirt to apply a field dressing to the wound at his waist.

The sounds of emergency units and police sirens emerge from the quiet. The sound of a helicopter arrives quickly and Chris looks up and waves.

INT. LAPD CHOPPER, OVERHEAD - DAY

A SINGLE PILOT looks down on Chris from the sky and affirms his location into the radio.

From his view we see well beyond the projects. In all directions, as far as can be seen from the bird, flashing lights from dozens and dozens of police and emergency units speed through the streets towards Chris and Tompkins.

INT. DHS BUILDING - DAY

Welch and Rodriguez pull workers from their offices into the atrium, where Michael organizes them into a tight huddle around the fountain, on their knees, facing towards the center. The water has turned red from the blood leaking out of the dead bodies.

Once everyone is out, Welch and Rodriguez zip-tie the office doors closed.

INT. JEFFERY ALLEN'S CAR - DAY

Lanier holds tight to his seat as Jeffery daringly maneuvers the car through traffic. The second radio in the car beeps, followed by a new dispatcher.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

I need a unit for a 2-11 Adam at
the DHS building in Industrial
Village, at the corner of Briar
and Maddox.

After a moment, the dispatcher repeats.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANIER

Should we respond to that?

JEFFERY ALLEN

Someone else will pick it up.

INT. DHS BUILDING - DAY

Welch puts his finger to the earpiece under his balaclava.

WELCH

First call is in. No response yet.

Rodriguez jumps onto the security desk and screams instructions to the employees. The sight of the dead security guards in the fountain, and the tone of his voice, is enough to scare the life from them.

Michael and Welch move to the vault door. Michael drops the backpack from his shoulders and together they unroll the explosive device they had built earlier. They carefully attach it to the frame of the vault door.

INT. JEFFERY ALLEN'S CAR - DAY

DISPATCH (O.S.)

(stressed)

I need a unit for a 2-11 Adam at the DHS building at Industrial Village. Anyone.

Jeffery peeks momentarily at the speaker. Lanier looks nervously at Jeffery. The Nextel in his hands wakes with the sound of Ling's voice.

LING (O.S.)

Are you guys hearing this 2-11 Adam?

JEFFERY ALLEN

Yeah, I fucking hear it!

Lanier raises the Nextel to his mouth.

LANIER

Yeah, we got it. Someone'll pick it up.

INT. DHS BUILDING - DAY

Welch and Michael finish placing the explosive device around the door frame and step back. Welch holds a detonation device and waits for the nod from Michael.

Simultaneously, on both sides of the door, the device erupts in a series of loud, penetrating explosions, working its way to the top-center of the vault door. The final explosion is the most thunderous. The concussion causes the ceiling above the atrium to shatter, dropping a million pieces of thick, jagged glass over everyone. The employees scream and cry with terror.

Michael and Welch pass through the smoke and push the vault door onto its side with relative ease.

INT. JEFFERY ALLEN'S CAR - DAY

Jeffery is sweating and grinding his teeth as they push into South Central.

DISPATCH (O.S.)

I need a unit for a 2-11 Adam-

JEFFERY ALLEN

-Alright, Damnit! Send the other car.

Lanier raises the Nextel to his mouth.

LANIER

Ling, you guys are on the 2-11.

LING (O.S.)

Copy.

Jeffery watches the others pull away in his rearview.

LING(O.S.) (CONT'D)

Dispatch, Charlie 463 and three
detectives responding to the 2-11.
We're seven out.

Jeffery reaches down and turns off the second radio.

INT. DHS BUILDING - DAY

Rodriguez remains on the service table watching over the employees who cry and bleed from tiny cuts. He puts a finger to his ear and yells loudly so his voice is heard by Michael and Welch in the vault.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODRIGUEZ

Response is in. Just one car.
ETA is seven. Plenty of time.

The vault is open and wide and the walls are lined with large, sealed boxes and crates stenciled with shipping codes from around the world. A large electronic door to the dock sits closed at the far end of the room.

Welch moves quickly about the room, firing at three cameras placed in corners of the ceiling disabling them.

Michael quickly scans the information on all the boxes until he spots the group he's looking for. It's labeled in Arabic, French, and English.

MICHAEL

Right here.

Michael pulls crowbars from his backpack and they go to work splitting open a group of boxes.

EXT. PROJECTS - DAY

The first units arrive to Chris. He takes command, ordering a perimeter formed and evacuation area prepped.

INT. DHS BUILDING - DAY

The tops of the boxes are off and Michael and Welch pull out packing material and toss it behind them.

Michael sifts through rolled up canvas, canisters, computer hard-drives, jewelry boxes, and other miscellaneous materials. He finally reaches a container at the bottom of the box. He opens it and we see from his expression it's what Lustick has sent them for. He closes it and puts it inside his backpack.

WELCH

Mother of God!

Michael turns quickly to Welch who is holding up a gold brick engraved in Arabic with a picture of a temple.

WELCH (CONT'D)

There's at least thirty more here.

Michael throws Welch the set of keys he took from the security guard.

MICHAEL

Get the van.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Welch runs towards the dock door. He swipes the fob key over a black panel and types in a code. The door slowly opens. He drops his gear and slides under the door just as it makes enough room for him to pass.

INT. JEFFERY ALLEN'S CAR - DAY

Jeffery and Lanier arrive near the scene, but are waved off by other officers setting up a perimeter.

Jeffery jumps from his seat, shows his badge and states his rank, and orders the officer to let them pass.

INT. DHS BUILDING - DAY

The door is wide open and the van is backed up to the loading dock. Michael has filled one bag and is working to fill another with everything that will fit inside.

RODRIGUEZ (O.S.)

Three minutes.

Welch pushes a rolling board over to the boxes and stacks the gold bricks onto it as fast as Michael can pass them.

They push the cart directly into the van, tossing the bags in after.

MICHAEL

We're done! Let's go!

Rodriguez jumps down from the table. He drops a smoke grenade at the vault door before running towards the van. Thick smoke billows upward behind him.

Michael and Rodriguez quickly strip their gear and toss it into the van. They double check to make sure they've left nothing behind.

Michael tosses two more smoke grenades around the exterior of the building and jumps into the passenger seat.

The fire alarms flash red and white, the sirens horn, and water spills from the sprinklers.

Welch drives down the back alley of Industrial Village and exits through an open gate.

INT. VAN - DAY

Welch and Michael scan mirrors to ensure no one is following as they flow inconspicuously into traffic. Rodriguez digs into a bag and pulls out his cell phone. He opens it and dials a number.

RODRIGUEZ

Hey boss, it's me. I'm on this 999. Don't bother, I'm already in route. Alright. Will do.

Rodriguez snaps his phone shut and smiles.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Can you hurry up, Welch. There's an officer down.

They tense momentarily at the sound of a siren and flashing lights moving towards them from the opposite direction. Payton, Ling, and company quickly pass, moving towards the DHS building.

EXT. PROJECTS - DAY

Rotor-wash from a chopper waiting to airlift Tompkins sits in the field next to the building kicking up dust and trash. EMS units and police cruisers are everywhere.

Jeffery runs through the mob of officers until he spots Chris helping the medics load Tompkins onto a litter.

Chris spots him and the two embrace in a long hug.

JEFFERY ALLEN

You okay?

Chris nods as they watch Tompkins loaded onto the bird.

INT. AIRLIFT CHOPPER - DAY

Tompkins lies on the litter securely fastened next to the door of the bird. His eyes are closed and he does not move, but his head is tilted as if he were staring out through the clear fiberglass door.

The ground disappears, the buildings pass quickly, and the view turns into blue sky as the bird ascends. As it maneuvers towards the hospital it banks hard right. The city reappears sprawled out below him and in the distance white smoke rises from the DHS building.

INT. PROJECTS - NIGHT

Mobile lights illuminate the building with an odd fluorescent burn. Detectives sweep the walls for fingerprints and mark possible evidence.

Chris and Jeffery speak quietly over Gabriel.

CHRIS ALLEN

He saved my life.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Maybe he was at your house to warn us.

CHRIS ALLEN

About Miller? Doesn't make sense.

Rodriguez appears in the hallway wearing a suit and carrying his evidence kit.

RODRIGUEZ

SWAT's got DeShaun Miller surrounded a few blocks from here.

CHRIS ALLEN

Good. Maybe we'll get some answers.

RODRIGUEZ

They ain't gonna arrest him.

Jeffery acknowledges the insinuation with a nod.

CHRIS ALLEN

You're Tompkins's buddy, right?

RODRIGUEZ

More of an acquaintance, really. Hovering over some corpse seems the only time I ever see him. Is he gonna make it?

CHRIS ALLEN

I don't know.

Rodriguez points to Martin.

RODRIGUEZ

You know this kid?

CHRIS ALLEN

Not me, but Tompkins sure looked at him like he did.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Rodriguez kneels down next to Gabriel and opens his evidence kit to begin his examination of the scene.

RODRIGUEZ

If you gentlemen will excuse me.

EXT. PROJECTS - NIGHT

Lanier waits for Jeffery as he and Chris exit the building.

LANIER

We need to get to that 2-11, boss.
It's a cluster fuck.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Was it our crew?

LANIER

It appears that way. The FBI has
a team on station waiting for us.

Jeffery looks to Chris, as if asking for permission.

CHRIS ALLEN

I'm good. Take care of your
business.

INT. HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - NIGHT

Chris arrives in the lobby and is greeted by Gomez and a couple other familiar faces from GED. Michelle sits with Alicia, her eyes swollen and red from crying.

Michelle spots Chris and they embrace in a long hug.

CHRIS ALLEN

How is he?

MICHELLE

He's in surgery.

She shakes her head and her lips begin to quiver.

CHRIS ALLEN

It's alright.

MICHELLE

I thought it was you for sure. I
felt it inside me.

He rubs her neck for a moment while she tries to compose herself.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHELLE (CONT'D)

I wanted it to be someone else so badly. I couldn't lose you. And now I feel sick to my stomach for wishing this onto them.

CHRIS ALLEN

Don't. It's okay. Everyone has moments like that. We've been through this before. We'll help them through it.

He kisses her and motions for her to comfort Alicia. She wipes her eyes and nods and turns away.

He fills himself a cup of coffee from a station in the lobby. Smith comes from down the hallway and greets him.

SMITH

I just got off the phone with Sergeant Nelson. Miller's dead. SWAT put a dozen holes in the motherfucker. He went out blazing like his brother.

CHRIS ALLEN

Who's his brother?

SMITH

You kidding? LaMichael McCoy. Midtown. Captain thinks Miller went gunning for you guys for killing him. I ain't never heard about retaliation like this.

Chris is staggered by the news.

SMITH (CONT'D)

Anyway, Sergeant Nelson wants you to identify Miller as the man who shot at you before they start making statements.

He snaps his fingers in front of Chris's face.

CHRIS ALLEN

Yeah. I'm on my way.

SMITH

You let any of us know if you need anything.

INT. LAPD MEDICAL EXAMINERS CENTER - NIGHT

DeShaun Miller lies covered by a white blanket on a cold metal table in the middle of a frigid room. His toe is tagged and his clothes and possessions are laid out on a table next to his body.

The door opens and a FORENSIC PATHOLOGIST (woman, 40s) escorts Chris into the room.

PATHOLOGIST

They only brought him in an hour ago. I've hardly had a chance to clean him up.

She flashes a cordial smile and pulls away the sheet to reveal Miller's face and chest. He's riddled with fleshy holes.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

Is that your man?

CHRIS ALLEN

It would appear that way. Are those his things?

PATHOLOGIST

Yeah.

CHRIS ALLEN

Has homicide combed any of it yet?

PATHOLOGIST

Nope. They're spread thin tonight.

CHRIS ALLEN

Do you mind?

She pulls a scalpel from a drawer attached to the table.

PATHOLOGIST

Don't get your hands dirty.

Chris uses the scalpel to push around his possessions: bloody pants and jacket, a cell phone, wad of cash, loose change, roach clip, wallet, and folded up piece of paper.

The pathologist stares intriguingly at Chris's face until he's done. He hands her back the scalpel. As she's returning it to the drawer he grabs the folded piece of paper and shoves it undetected into his pocket.

PATHOLOGIST (CONT'D)

I heard he almost killed you.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Chris shrugs and responds with a puzzled smirk.

INT. LAPD MEDICAL EXAMINERS CENTER, BATHROOM - NIGHT

Chris steps into bathroom and ensures he's alone. He unfolds the piece of paper. It reads *806 Washington, 2pm.*

His jaw tightens. He slams his hands down hard onto a sink and turns on the hot water. He splashes his face and looks into the mirror.

CHRIS ALLEN

No fucking way.

INT. LAPD, SPECIAL UNIT INVESTIGATIONS HQ - DAY

Jeffery walks out of his office carrying a tall stack of files. Lanier and Payton watch the news on a flat screen television hanging from the wall. Jeffery pauses to watch the report by a journalist camped outside of the DHS building.

She details the assassination of the TSA guards by three heavily armed assailants using assault rifles and explosives. She reports that Federal Officials would not reveal what items were stolen, but that they were set to be transported by government planes to undisclosed destinations the following day.

PAYTON

It just doesn't connect for me.

JEFFERY ALLEN

What's not to get?

PAYTON

The whole thing.

JEFFERY ALLEN

You heard the witnesses. They had our radios. They were monitoring the triple-nine and our response. They had the lay of the land.

Ling enters the room and avoids eye contact with Jeffery.

LANIER

So why all the smoke, then?

JEFFERY ALLEN

If you're looking for a fire, you're not looking for them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LANIER

And Martin? And Laird?

JEFFERY ALLEN

They're now the problem of the
FBI. They'll be here this
afternoon to collect everything.

Jeffery sets the files on a desk in front of Ling.

JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

Please see to it that everything
is properly organized.

Ling looks up to him coldly.

LING

The captain would like to see you
first thing tomorrow.

JEFFERY ALLEN

I'm sure he would, Ling.

Jeffery walks past them towards the exit.

EXT. CLIFF OVERLOOKING THE PCH, LOS ANGELES - NIGHT

Michael stands against a maroon sedan, staring at a full
moon lighting the dark expanse of the Pacific. Two pairs
of lights from vehicles approach from a distance. He's
grown a pepper colored beard and darkened his hair. A
black gym bag rests at his feet.

Two Suburbans pull up next to him. SEVERAL MEN,
including Shabot and Feldman, step out armed with pistols
and assault rifles. They survey the terrain as they
scatter into positions around Michael.

Shabot pats him down and removes a pistol hidden under
his coat, against his back. Lustick steps out moments
later.

LUSTICK

You did it! I wasn't sure you'd
pull it off. The other crew had
been prepping for weeks and they
hadn't cracked it. Bold move
using the police as their own
diversion. Callous, but spirited
nonetheless.

MICHAEL

You didn't leave us much of a
choice.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LUSTICK
Motivation my friend. There's no
limit to what desperate men will
do when pushed.

He reaches out his hand, but Michael refuses.

LUSTICK (CONT'D)
I'm sorry to hear about your
brother.

MICHAEL
No you're not, so don't even
fucking speak about him.

Lustick smiles coldly at Michael, brushing off the
insolence.

LUSTICK
Where's the rest of your crew? I
should like to meet them.

MICHAEL
That's not going to happen.
They're gone.

LUSTICK
Are they?

MICHAEL
You said it yourself. This was
it.

LUSTICK
You don't think I could find out?
I think I'll shake a few limbs and
see what falls.

Michael takes a few steps towards Lustick. His men
respond quickly, switching their weapons from safe, to
fire.

MICHAEL
You're a lying sack of shit, you
know that? I held on to a chance
this would square it, but I knew
you'd fuck us.

LUSTICK
No. You did that to yourselves.

Shabot raises a pistol a few feet from the back of
Michael's head. Michael senses the gun, but gazes
intensely at Lustick, who returns the heated stare.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LUSTICK (CONT'D)

I always liked you, Michael, but
your pride, joined with the rest
of your virtues, chokes them all.

MICHAEL

I'm not going to beg.

LUSTICK

No. I don't expect you would.

After a moment, Lustick turns and motions to Feldman, who stands by waiting next to the suburban. He reaches into the vehicle and pulls out a tan leather bag and walks towards Michael.

He drops the leather bag he's carrying at Michael's feet and opens the gym bag. He reaches inside and pulls out a container, the same one stolen from the DHS building. He shows it to Lustick before he returns it to the bag.

LUSTICK (CONT'D)

Ten years of history, and the fact
you pulled off this job, is the
only reason you're still
breathing. Take your money and go
and don't ever come here again.
In fact, don't even think on it,
because I'll hear it.

Surprised, Michael looks down at the leather bag and back to Lustick.

MICHAEL

What about my crew?

LUSTICK

You don't have a crew anymore.

Lustick shakes his head and shrugs. He motions to Shabot, who lowers his gun and hands Michael back his pistol.

LUSTICK (CONT'D)

Go before I change my mind.

Michael slowly picks up the leather bag Feldman left at his feet. He glances at Lustick's men as he carefully climbs into his car. He turns the ignition and cautiously drives away.

INT. MAROON SEDAN - NIGHT

In the rear-view mirror Michael watches as Lustick returns to his Suburban. Feldman follows with the gym bag directly behind, as the other men slowly make the way back to their respective vehicles.

Michael looks down at the leather bag lying in the passenger seat. He opens it to reveal large stacks of cash. Relieved and shocked, he takes a deep breath, smirks, and speeds away.

INT. LAPD STATION, GANG SQUAD HQ - DAY

Chris sits in the back of the shift meeting as Sergeant Nelson finishes his briefing.

NELSON

Allow me to introduce Detective Russell Welch. He's joining us from UC Narcotics.

Welch stands at the opposite corner of the room from Chris. His hair is short and his beard neatly trimmed.

SMITH

Didn't I arrest you last month for buying dope in Inglewood?

WELCH

Probably. I think I've been arrested by most of you.

The other officers laugh and welcome him heartily.

LATER:

A Sergeants' Test Study Guide hides a copy of Tompkins's file which Chris discreetly examines. He fingers down boxes marked 'exceeds standard' for every rating factor. At the bottom he comes to a box identifying fluent languages. English and Spanish are both marked. Chris sighs in angst.

WELCH (CONT'D)

Mind if I park myself here?

Surprised, Chris looks up from the file.

CHRIS ALLEN

Be my guest.

Welch reaches over the desk and offers his hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WELCH

Russell Welch. I'm your new partner.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD, SOUTH CENTRAL - DAY

Chris drives the unmarked Crown Royal through a neighborhood as Welch looks out the passenger window.

He parks in front of the two old men playing chess. Banger #1 and #2 watch with a handful of others from their porch. The younger boys from before approach them.

KID #1

What's up Officer Allen?

CHRIS ALLEN

Hey little man.

KID #2

Who's this?

WELCH

I'm Officer Welch.

KID #2

Where's Terrell?

Welch is about to respond, but carefully holds it back.

WELCH

Who?

CHRIS ALLEN

He means Officer Tompkins.
Officer Welch is my new partner.

Chris motions to Welch to hang tight and walks up towards the porch. Banger #1 and #2 stand and walk towards him.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

Hey, Professor.

BANGER #1

Officer Allen. For real, we didn't know about DeShaun. He had his own shit going.

BANGER #2

That fool was crazy. We don't play like that.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS ALLEN

I appreciate it. Did you guys see
Officer Tompkins around here
without me before he got shot?

BANGER #1

A couple times. He'd pull up and
talk to DeShaun. Like I said, he
had his own shit on the side.

Chris takes a moment to digest the information.

CHRIS ALLEN

You know why you originally called
yourselves 'Cribs?'

BANGER #1

No. Why?

CHRIS ALLEN

Find out. I'll be back in a
couple days for my answer.

INT. JEFFERY ALLEN'S HOUSE - DAY

Jeffery Allen opens his eyes, jarred awake from a nap by
a banging at the front door. He sits up slowly.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Who is it?

CHRIS ALLEN (O.S.)

It's Chris, Uncle Jeff.

Jeffery tries to straighten himself up. Bottles of
alcohol are everywhere, and he looks and smells as stale
as the room. He opens the door for Chris who is dressed
in his GED gear.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

What's going on?

JEFFERY ALLEN

Just catching up on some rest.

CHRIS ALLEN

I can see that. I stopped by your
office and there's an itty-bitty-
Asian-titty with her name on your
desk.

The picture described cuts Jeffery deep.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFERY ALLEN

After your ordeal and the robberies, I felt that, well they felt that it was time for me to call it quits. I wanted to tell you.

CHRIS ALLEN

You don't look too convinced?

JEFFERY ALLEN

If nine out of ten Russians tell you you're drunk, you better lie down.

Chris nods and looks about the room.

EXT. JEFFERY ALLEN'S HOUSE, BACK PORCH - DAY

Jeffery and Chris sit on a porch swing drinking beer.

CHRIS ALLEN

No one's above suspicion at this point, but they're dismissing the timing as pure coincidence.

JEFFERY ALLEN

Bullshit. Michael Laird and Gabriel Martin were running that crew and got DeShaun Miller involved. The whole thing was planned. Miller goes after you and Tompkins to kick off a triple-nine.

Jeffery takes a sip from his beer.

JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

Martin grows a conscience, tries to stop it, and gets plugged. Think about it. On every job they ran with four, but this one only had three? It's because Martin wasn't there.

Chris nods, but doesn't reveal his thoughts entirely.

CHRIS ALLEN

It would certainly appear that way. I'm beginning to believe anything is possible.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFERY ALLEN

Twenty-six years on the job and
the possible becomes probable.

Jeffery takes a deep breath to change the subject.

JEFFERY ALLEN (CONT'D)

I'm glad to know they found a
suitable replacement for me.

CHRIS ALLEN

No one can replace you.

Jeffery's lips quiver as he fights away a fit of tears.

JEFFERY ALLEN

I gave my life to this city. I
don't know what to do with myself.

Chris puts an arm around his back.

CHRIS ALLEN

You can start by taking a shower.

Jeffery laughs as he pushes the drops from his eyes.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

Then come over for dinner. The
kids have been asking for stinky
Uncle Jeff.

EXT. DESERTED ROCK QUARRY - DAY

Rodriguez leans against an unmarked police cruiser as a
car approaches down a dirt road. He removes his
sunglasses and waves.

Michael pulls up next to him in a new sedan. He steps
out and the two greet one another with a firm handshake.

MICHAEL

Where's Welch?

RODRIGUEZ

He pulled some strings and got
transferred out of UC to a
different department. Starts his
new job today, but he sends his
regards.

Michael shakes his head and smiles.

MICHAEL

What's the latest?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

RODRIGUEZ

Leah's body was found in her condo
with her hands bound. She was
shot execution style.

Rodriguez takes a beat to read Michael's expression.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

FBI ain't revealing a damn thing.
I don't know how much they have on
you, but you're on top of their
water-board list. I hear they've
created a fucking think tank on
how to find you.

Michael nods and turns to his trunk. He opens it and
pulls out the tan, leather bag full of cash.

MICHAEL

This is everything but the bricks.
I've gotta guy in Fresno melting
all that camel shit off as we
speak.

Michael hands him a card with a name and number.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Give him a call next week. He's
got a buyer lined up for your
share.

Rodriguez looks into the bag and laughs to himself.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

No more dope dealing trannies for
you boys.

RODRIGUEZ

We all agreed to put in another
year or two on the force to meet
appearances. After that
though...whew.

MICHAEL

How's Terrell?

RODRIGUEZ

Dumb fuck's still breathing. I
hope he comes to, but then again,
part of me hopes he don't. He's
got a lot to answer for.

MICHAEL

And Gabe?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

RODRIGUEZ

They found a car reported stolen from an Eagle Rock hotel a few blocks from the triple-nine with Gabe's prints all over it. He knew it was going down. He was on Terrell all morning. Followed him straight to it.

Michael nods sadly.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

No one's come, Mike. Your family, they don't want him.

MICHAEL

What will they do with the body?

RODRIGUEZ

Burn him to ashes.

Michael's eyes fill with just the slightest hint of tears as he stares past Rodriguez, who looks him over for a long, arduous beat.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

That's it then?

MICHAEL

That's it.

A nearby passenger jet ascending into the sky momentarily grabs Michael's attention. He looks back to find Rodriguez shaking his head, his pistol drawn. Surprised by the gun, a bemused smile crosses Michael's face.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

What's this?

RODRIGUEZ

Sorry, Mike.

MICHAEL

What are you doing?

RODRIGUEZ

We didn't want it this way, but you're the only one left who can connect us.

MICHAEL

To who? Lustick? He's dead.

INT. LUSTICK'S SUBURBAN, PCH - LAST NIGHT

Lustick sits comfortably inside the modified SUV as it travels down the Pacific Coast Highway. He turns to Feldman who sits behind him.

LUSTICK

Hand me the box.

Feldman removes the container from the bag and hands it forward to Lustick. Lustick sits it on his lap and wraps his hands around it. He opens the box and a large, concussive flame tears him apart. A second later, it ignites the fuel tank, engulfing the entire interior of the suburban with fire.

EXT. DESERTED ROCK QUARRY - DAY

RODRIGUEZ

Holy shit! You fucking killed him.

MICHAEL

I wasn't sure he'd ever let us go.
It was a means to an end.

RODRIGUEZ

Why the fuck didn't you say something before?

Michael stares calmly at Rodriguez and motions to his pistol.

MICHAEL

Put it away, Rod.

Rodriguez slowly pulls himself back into the moment and shakes his head. His face turns red as he asserts himself back into the domineering position.

RODRIGUEZ

I can't do that, man. I've already pulled on you. Fuck, man. The trust is gone.

MICHAEL

Not yet, it's not. You still have a choice. You'll never hear from me again.

RODRIGUEZ

We've already decided.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MICHAEL

Fuck what you decided! I put more money in your hands than you ever dreamed. I gave you guys everything. In what we do, loyalty is all we have, our only defense. You break that now, you're breaking it forever. Don't fucking do this.

He nods to the bag of money and offers an unpropitious shrug to Rodriguez.

RODRIGUEZ

Don't look so surprised.

Rodriguez shrugs and wipes drops of sweat from his brow.

RODRIGUEZ (CONT'D)

Are you ready?

MICHAEL

I never thought I'd live that long, but I didn't imagine going out like this.

Michael takes a deep breath and hopelessly measures his options.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Aim carefully.

RODRIGUEZ

Goodbye, Mike.

Michael smirks and quickly reaches for the pistol resting under his jacket, tucked under his belt.

Rodriguez immediately fires, hitting Michael in the neck. As he stammers backwards into his car, Rodriguez takes careful aim and puts a round into his head. Blood, brains, and bone explode from the back of his skull onto the walls of the trunk.

Michael's body goes limp and falls towards the compartment. Rodriguez grimaces as he pushes him backwards and lifts his legs inside. He looks down at Michael's body and wipes the prints from his pistol and tosses it in.

He closes the trunk, puts the car in gear, and watches as it drives itself over the edge of the quarry and disappears from view.

INT. CHRIS ALLEN'S HOUSE, DINING ROOM - NIGHT

Jeffery plays with Trevor and speaks kindly to Alicia, who sits across the table watching him through sad eyes. Tabitha flings food at Michelle, who sits at the far end of the table from Chris, drawing everyone's laughter.

Chris sits at the head of the table watching everyone quietly. He cheats a smile, but his mind is elsewhere. He takes a long hard look at Alicia and pushes food around his plate.

INT. TOMPKINS'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Chris sits at a chair next to Tompkins's bed. Tompkins is hooked up to several machines. A very light, steady beeping from a heart monitor is the only sound. Chris pushes a button on the machine and silences it.

He opens his fist to reveal a heavy, silver coin engraved with the LAPD: Gang Enforcement Detail around a bronze star. He places it inside Tompkins's hand and closes his fingers around it.

CHRIS ALLEN

I found this in your desk.

Chris looks him over, contempt and bewilderment piercing through his gaze. His eyes return to Tompkins's hand, which twitches just slightly enough to notice.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

My wife says I jerk my finger when I dream, like I'm pulling a trigger. I never miss in my sleep.

A beat.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

I must've made it hard on you, being so eager to please. Christ, you even gave me an out, but you knew I wouldn't take it. I bet it really twisted you up inside, sitting there listening to me to go on and on. Alicia's been staying with us the last three weeks. She's completely lost. Michelle won't let her out of her sight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

The doctors are feeding her hope,
but I want to shake her and tell
her not to waste another tear over
a worthless fuck like you.

Chris walks to the side of the bed. His face grows red
and his eyes slowly water with tears of rage.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

You just stood in the dark,
waiting. Couldn't even do it
yourself. Did you pray for my
soul while you sat there and
shook?

He leans over Tompkins, hovering just a few inches over
his face.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

I'm not numb any more. I don't
feel but one fucking thing.

He lowers his hands an inch from Tompkins's throat.
Veins pop from his hands and his knuckles go white as he
momentarily pretends to flex them around his jugular.

He pushes the tears away from his eyes, but a few escape
and land on Tompkin's cheek.

CHRIS ALLEN (CONT'D)

I found my purpose, Terrell. I'm
making it my life's work. You're
better off hidden away in there.
A miracle would be wasted on you.
Either way, I'm going to find out
to what end you planned this. I'm
going to find everyone you were
involved with. And then, I'm
going to add a few more coins to
my box. Starting with yours.

Chris takes a deep breath, and collects himself. He
reaches over to the heart machine and re-engages the
sound on the monitor. He takes one last glance at
Tompkins and turns and walks out of the room.

THE END: